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LITERATURE.

Recollections and Suggestions, 1813-1873.
By John Earl Russell. (London: Longmans & Co., 1875.)

(First Notice.)

It is not the habit of English public men to contribute much to the history of their times. To do this requires a literary taste and aptitude in which many of our most distinguished politicians have been singularly deficient, and something of a philosophic mind which is always rare in that condition of existence. Even where skill and inclination are not wanting, there is yet a serious obstacle to any such performance in the customary reticence which our rulers observe, in curious contrast to the conversational readiness, and even garrulity, of many remarkable continental statesmen; and which they regard as their best defence against the intrusive curiosity of society and the press, and the general publicity of English life. The intellectual character and political career of Lord Russell are, in many points, exceptional, and tend to obviate these difficulties. He was a writer from his earlier youth, and though he cannot be said to have any stable place in English literature, it is something to have tried his abilities as a dramatist, essayist, and historian. Born in the purple of political life, he came into the House of Commons before his majority, by an illegal immunity which was not uncommon in those days of privilege, and of which he would have found precedents in the elections of the last Lord Fitzwilliam and the late Dr. Lushington. From that now distant date—July, 1813—to his final retirement to the Upper House, Lord Russell has never been subjected to those temptations to secrecy and evasion, those difficulties of misunderstanding and being misunderstood, those almost necessary devices of subterfuge or exaggeration, which beset the hard and narrow path of public ambition in such a country as ours, and which seem to nice and delicate minds to taint the ethics of political freedom. He is the last man not to feel the supreme advantage he has enjoyed in having been called to Parliament as to a natural position, instead of having struggled into it as a difficult profession; and if these peculiar facilities have sometimes made him practically careless of the feelings and susceptibilities of others less fortunate, they have not prevented him from exhibiting in these pages a fine appreciation of the labours and conquests even of those from whom he has materially differed in principles and in action, and have given to his judgments an air of

personal familiarity with great events that elevates even insignificant circumstances to the dignity of history.

For, in truth, in this career of an individual statesman, the two great principles of political action as exhibited in the parliamentary annals of the last fifty years are fairly brought face to face. To hold a belief in what is best for the country without reference to the opinions or feelings of the majority; to maintain these principles in evil as in good report; to watch and encourage the accessions of slow conviction and imperfect intelligence; to wait on opportunity, and to put by disappointments—this, with a short gleam of occasional success, was the usual attitude of the Whig party from the French Revolution till the Reform administration of Lord Grey; and it was in this atmosphere that Lord Russell grew to political maturity. On the other side was a party enjoying all the emoluments and dignities of office, or, to look higher, all the means of public usefulness and the exercise of national beneficence. This position was occupied and maintained by a discreet deference to the general feelings and opinions of the ruling classes of the country, and to the Crown on any questions on which the Sovereign held decided personal predilections. As long as these men believed their views to be the right ones, there may have been as much sincerity on the one side as on the other, and the only difference, so far as a representative Government was concerned, lay in the preponderance of the Conservative sentiment, and the fear of innovation. But there came an important change of relations, and one new to the parliamentary practice of the country, when, (either by external circumstances or by the gradual and, perhaps, unconscious infiltration of Liberal opinions), the application of principles that had hitherto been matters of theory assumed the character of political necessity, and the question was plainly mooted whether the change was to be made by the accession to the government of the country of those who had been the life-long representatives of those opinions, or the retention of it by old opponents prepared to acknowledge their errors, and ready to rectify them by their own tergiversation.

The student of mankind can find no more apt illustration of the working of these two methods of politics in their bearing upon the character of individual men, than the conduct of Sir Robert Peel in reference to Catholic Emancipation and Free Trade, and that of Lord John Russell in reference to Parliamentary Reform. There is no room here for any dissertation on that spirit of compromise and surrender which so distinctly animates the British Constitution; but there can be no doubt which picture is the more agreeable to contemplate. The little interest taken in the posthumous apologies of Sir Robert Peel is only thus to be accounted for, and there is also this advantage on the side of Lord Russell, that the cause of Reform implicated with itself not only the advances of civil and religious liberty, which it is the privilege of our generation to have completed, but also the very financial changes on which other reputations rest. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and

Catholic Emancipation were the heralds of Parliamentary Reform, and Free Trade was its inevitable consequence.

The earlier portion of this volume is occupied by the reprint of the sketch of this movement prefixed to Lord Russell's Speeches; and it is just that this should be so, for it is not only the story of the British Constitution, but of his own fame. In 1819 he obtained an enquiry into the condition of the borough of Grampound, and after having convicted it of bribery, proposed that its franchises should be transferred to the growing town of Leeds—laying down, as he says, in this single proposition the whole principle at issue between the Government and the Reformers. This he carried in the House of Commons, but the seats were transferred to the county of York by the House of Lords. He found scanty encouragement among his own friends to proceed further in this direction, Mr. Tierney not allowing it to be made a party question, and old Lord George Cavendish saying it was never touched without doing them injury. This did not prevent him from presenting to the House in 1822 a complete scheme that provoked the magnificent tirade of Mr. Canning, prognosticating at once his future success and its disastrous effects upon the constitution of his country. It was thus but natural that when, eight years afterwards, the Whigs succeeded to power, Lord John Russell formed part of the committee to prepare a measure of Parliamentary reform; but it is surprising and contrary to our present usage, that with his advantages of station and his well-won Parliamentary repute, he should not have held office in the Cabinet. The fact that vote by ballot was proposed by Lord Durham, and formed part of the scheme presented to Lord Grey, is not altogether new; Sir James Graham having mentioned it in the House of Commons, with the addition that secret suffrage would have formed part of the measure then brought before Parliament, but for the resolute opposition of one member of the Committee, who he left the House to infer was himself, but who is now generally believed to have been Lord Duncannon. It would have been no breach of confidence if Lord Russell could have told us the true circumstances of this important omission. It now seems certain that if Sir Robert Peel had treated the bill as a chimerical revolution, the first reading would have been lost, and the whole question indefinitely delayed, or subjected to considerable modification. But a nine days' debate roused the country and secured the ultimate success. Lord Russell tells us that he now regrets his want of candour in not stating to the House his share in the preparation of the measure, but assuredly he has lost nothing by that momentary abnegation, and the great reform stands in English history not as the work of Lord Durham or Lord Grey, but absolutely his own. The self-confidence so characteristic of the man as to have been made the subject of much humorous comment, was fostered by his especial training, and exhibits itself in the very readiness with which he confesses his own errors of judgment. He can afford to be wrong, and when the most calamitous consequences have followed on his mistakes,

he is not the less justified in criticising severely the failure of others to remedy his own shortcomings. Thus the distinct admission that he ought to have acted on the opinion of Sir Robert Collier and arrested the *Alabama* does not prevent him from finding serious fault with the American representative for not believing in the good intentions of the British Government. Those who remember the sagacity and heroism with which Mr. Adams conducted himself in the face of an antagonist society and insulting opinion, will hardly endorse this sentiment. Indeed, if Lord Russell had come at once to the consciousness of his error, and done all he could to repair it, by insisting on the exclusion of the pirate from every port in our colonies and dependencies, it is probable that the misfortune would have been reduced within very moderate dimensions; and when, at a much later period, he makes it a matter of accusation against Lord Granville that he did not communicate with him before the mission of Lord de Grey, and implies that his statement of the case would have modified the demand, and mitigated the indignation of the United States, the question naturally suggests itself whether Lord Granville might not have thought it a breach of delicacy and official confidence to propose to him to incriminate himself when he had so long assumed a defensive attitude. It is the least of our regrets that that four days' indecision has cost the country a million a day, and it would be satisfactory to know that even this long delayed statement may be not without its use in healing the great division between kindred nations. However Lord Russell attempts to take away from the grace of his candid acknowledgment by exaggerated lamentations over British concessions, he may be sure that posterity will regard them as condonations of misjudgments and perverseness far graver than his own.

The good temper and general moderation of these pages do not extend to the record of the party divisions that broke up the Government to which Lord Russell succeeded on the death of Lord Palmerston. We all remember the humorous application of a passage in Jewish history by Mr. Bright, and there is no great harm in the extension of the metaphor which gives the name of "bandits" to the refugees of the Cave of Adullam. But it is beyond a joke when Lord Russell, after the reservation that "there were, no doubt, some honest men in that company," goes on to say that

"he had never known in his long political life a party so utterly destitute of consistent principle or patriotic end—indifferent to the state of the suffrage or the disfranchisement of the boroughs, provided their own selfish objects were attained."

Now, of this section the present Duke of Westminster, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Elcho were prominent members, and Mr. Lowe the chief orator. They may have shown a great absence of political prevision in preferring the disruption of their party to an inevitable extension of the suffrage; and they may have contributed largely to the very event they most earnestly deprecated, the supersession of the middle class by the popular masses in the larger towns; but there is assuredly no ground for the imputation of

personal objects when it is notorious that they refused to take part in a combination by which two at least of the persons named would have obtained seats in the Cabinet, with a fair distribution of subordinate offices among their friends.

But the acerbity which has dictated the remarks on the close of Lord Russell's administration does not end here: the same spirit animates much of the remainder of the volume. This portion, indeed, altogether loses the importance of the earlier recollections and suggestions, and declines from the range of political memoir to that of newspaper criticism. For here Lord Russell is no longer the actor in history, and though it may satisfy curiosity to know that he thinks Mr. Gladstone might have composed his Administration more judiciously—that Mr. Cardwell would have been a better Chancellor of the Exchequer than Mr. Lowe, and that Mr. Bruce made an unpopular Home Minister when he would have been a good Minister of Education—yet these are no more than opinions; easy and by no means indisputable judgments after the event. There are men who think that Mr. Forster has achieved what would have been impossible for Mr. Bruce, and that the Licensing Acts of the late Government bear a strong analogy to the new Poor Law, by which the Whigs of an earlier time incurred so much contemporary odium, and earned so much national gratitude.

In still more reckless language, after doing justice to Mr. Gladstone's financial skill and courage, he deliberately commits to paper what might have been admissible (and very much in Lord John's manner) as the conclusion of a party speech, viz., that

"he regrets to have found himself wrong in having believed that Mr. Gladstone was no less attached than himself to the national honour, that he was as proud of the achievements of our nation by sea and land, that he had no ill-will to the extension of our colonies, and that his measures would not tend to reduce the great and glorious empire of which he was put in charge to a manufactory of cotton cloths and a market for cheap goods, with an army and navy reduced by petty savings to a standard of weakness and inefficiency."

It is certainly unbecoming that any one politician of high station should make such an indictment as this against another in an off-hand manner. It says too much and too little—whether true or false it demands abundant proof and confirmation, and has really no value as a simple assertion. As an illustration of the necessity of some investigation before this summary decision, it may be mentioned that while Lord Russell's estimate of Mr. Gladstone's feelings towards our Colonial Empire is supported by common rumour, and some confirmatory expressions may possibly be found in his speeches, as a matter of fact the only serious surrender of territorial power in our time, that of the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands, was the unexpected act, not of Mr. Gladstone, but of Lord Russell himself, and that it is to the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone that we owe the acquisition of the possessions in West Africa that provoked the Ashantee war, and the project accomplished by the present Government of the annexation of the Fiji Islands. Again, with regard to the niggardliness of the

late military administration, the high-handed measure of the Abolition of Purchase, *per fas et nefas*, was hardly an indication of a willingness to stop short of a supposed improvement and efficiency from pecuniary motives, and it is surprising that its opponents did not make more use of that flagrant contradiction to the professions of national economy.

In another notice of this work, Lord Russell's suggestions for the legislation of the future in Ireland, and on the subject of national education, may well deserve consideration and criticism; but his religious lucubrations are not likely to elucidate either the past or the future of controversy. His Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was nearly as great a political blunder in its time as Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is to-day; and, indeed, he is now convinced that a resolution of the House of Commons declaratory of the Queen's supremacy in the matter of episcopal designations would have produced all the effect he desired without the impotent affront to the Catholic community. His observations on the Ritualist disturbance in the Church of England are an expansion of the sentiment of the famous Durham letter, of which two good stories have been told—the one, that Lord Clarendon laughed at Sir William Somerville for not seeing that it was a hoax; and the other, that when it was read in the Cabinet, Lord Palmerston remarked that nothing could be better written, but that he trusted it had been marked "confidential;" and shared the general consternation of his colleagues when informed that it had been sent to the *Times*.

HOUGHTON.

PLACARDS OF THE FRENCH WAR AND THE COMMUNE.

Les Murailles Politiques Françaises. In Three Volumes. (Paris: Le Chevalier, Editeur, 1875.)

M. LE CHEVALIER has put forth an interesting collection of the political notices and placards which covered the walls of French towns between September 4, 1870, and May 28, 1871. The mural literature of Alsace-Lorraine from the declaration of war between France and Prussia to the day when the German troops evacuated Nancy is also given, and forms the first volume of the series, the second being chiefly devoted to the siege of Paris, and the third to the reign of the Commune. Each poster is reproduced in facsimile, even to its colour; and the work presents a complete and picturesque history of France during the Terrible Year. Its pages open with the proclamations of Napoleon III.: they close with a brief general order of Marshal MacMahon, announcing that the last positions of the Communist insurgents have been taken, that the strife is ended, and that "order, work and security" are renewed.

It would be easy to over-estimate the historical value of official proclamations, but they furnish incontestable evidence as to the facts which those who issued them desired that people should believe, and as to the spirit by which they desired that people should be guided. Thus the government of Tours stands self-condemned by its appeal

to the country after the fall of Metz. Then, if ever, the time had assuredly come for silencing party cries, and allowing no watchword but France. Of quite a different tenour is the language of M. Gambetta and his colleagues. "So long," they protest, "as there shall remain an inch of the sacred soil beneath our feet we will firmly grasp the glorious banner of the French Revolution;" a very encouraging declaration to M. de Kératry's Breton levies. This document was published on October 30. Two days later the old officials of the Empire left in Paris must have smiled as they read the decree for a *plébiscite* signed by Jules Favre, who in the previous May had so eloquently denounced that method of taking the popular opinion. A terrorist circular was even distributed which ran thus: "Notice to Electors. YES signifies, We maintain the Government of National Defence. NO signifies, We overthrow the Government." Upwards of 60,000 voters did wish to overthrow the Government, and said so. These irreconcilables contribute largely to the pages of M. le Chevalier's compilation. Every few days a flaming handbill announced a new plan for saving Paris and regenerating France, presumably by a patriotic artisan of Belleville or Montmartre. With the same object the "Club de la Solidarité" held its sittings. Among the conditions of membership to this select society were freedom from all religious obligations, and a subscription of five pence a month. Its prospectus may have suggested one of the most amusing scenes in *Rabagas*. To an equally emancipated school of thought probably belonged M. Thobois, architect, once the colleague of M. Renan in the scientific mission of the latter to Phœnicia. He has the honour to inform the public that he has discovered the secret of aerial navigation, and that on the sum of 300,000 francs and the Place du Carrousel being placed at his disposition, he will in the space of one month deliver both France and Germany. The promise held out to both countries may sound mysterious, but M. Thobois is a philanthropist, and heads his proposal with the legend "Universal Republic," which may account for the friendliness therein displayed toward the Germans. Three days later appeared the unlucky address of General Ducrot to the Second Army of Paris, and his boast being in print is handed down to posterity:—

"Before you, before the whole nation, I take this oath: I will not re-enter Paris, except dead or victorious; you may see me fall, you will never see me flinch. When I am fallen, pause not, but avenge me!"

General Ducrot's gasconade, it is fair to add, is better known than his bravery, which was conspicuous on all occasions.

There are advanced Republicans who share the pacific principles of the Society of Friends. At the beginning of the siege they expressed, in a bright yellow placard, their conviction that if the Prussians were earnestly argued with, they would see the wickedness of attacking Paris. Christ, they declared, had said "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." These maxims (they feared) were not always true: if one knocked at the door of a prince or of an aristocratic mansion without an equipage,

or without a high recommendation, the porter would answer "You enter not." But the maxim was true when one demanded what was absolutely just—and so forth. Close to this production is a kind of pastoral epistle from Mr. Congreve, who, with that absolute imperviousness to the humorous which characterises Positivists and Scotchmen, apostrophises Paris as a Holy City. He laments the apathy of England. Her Queen is in the mountains of Scotland, far from care and trouble; her first minister is visiting exhibitions or at Clumber; her minister for foreign affairs is in *villeggiatura* at Walmer; her first lord of the Admiralty in Belgium. Her nobles and her gentlefolk are at their annual destruction of game. On October 3, Dr. Robinet, High Priest of the Comtists for the whole Western Republic, solemnly anathematised Germany. "The malediction of humanity" is invoked upon her devoted head, and the destinies are bidden to accomplish themselves. Strange to say, this document is dated, after a carnal fashion, October 3, 1870. It commits two unpardonable historical solecisms, speaking of the *Dukes of Brandenburg* and of the *Holy Germanic Empire*. Deficiency in the sense of humour is not confined to Positivists and Scotchmen. Thus the proclamation of a district mayor runs:—"French Republic. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Kidneys will be sold at 1 fr. 50 the $\frac{1}{2}$ kilogramme."

Curiously enough, an act of clemency on the part of a Prussian officer enabled the editor of these volumes to bring home to the Prussians the charge (which they denied) of having purposely fired the town of Saint Cloud. On January 28, the German troops did, as it appears, receive orders to burn the houses of Saint Cloud. While the work of destruction was proceeding, a major on the Staff was posted near the church, and from thence surveyed the execution of his orders. The house where dwelt a woman whose name is, for obvious reasons, withheld, was about to share the common fate, when its proprietor rushed towards the major, threw herself at his knees and entreated him to spare her home, reminding him at the same time of little services she had rendered the Prussians during the occupation. Picking up a half-burnt brand, the officer scrawled over the shutters in German, "This house is to be spared till further orders. January 28. Jacobi, Major at Head-Quarters." A facsimile of the shutter and its inscription is given in M. le Chevalier's book. It will be observed that the Prussians determined to reduce St. Cloud to ashes on the very day that Favre and Bismarck were signing the convention for the armistice.

The volume devoted to memorials of the Commune is a little disappointing. Well-authenticated anecdotes of that tragic farce made one expect too much. But there are still some instructive facts to be gleaned from the *Murailles de Paris*. Thus, three days after the insurrection had commenced, one lights upon traces of Prussian coquetting with the Commune. Major-General von Schlotheim writes, on March 21, "to the actual Commander of the Forces in Paris," to say that he has received orders to maintain a friendly neutrality so long as the

terms of peace are not called in question. Boursier, delegate for Foreign Affairs, replies on the morrow that the "Central Committee," as the insurgents at first termed their government, had no idea of impugning the validity of the preliminaries of peace ratified by the National Assembly. For the publication of untruthful military bulletins the Commune can scarcely be blamed. It merely followed the immemorial usage of war. On April 30 Rossel was named delegate for the War Department. On May 9 he was so ill-advised as to announce without reserve that "the three-coloured flag floated over Fort Issy." The very next day appeared a decree appointing Delescluze delegate in his room, and ordering a court-martial to try Rossel. No dry enumeration of dates could speak more eloquently. To do Rossel justice, he displayed extraordinary vigour during his brief tenure of power. A colonel of Engineers, distinguished for professional skill, he must have been conscious that he was leading a forlorn hope. He had hardly been installed in office before he directed the formation of barricades, which, as he knew, could only prolong a strife the issue of which was already certain. The utter want of discipline among the National Guards is indicated by a general order of Rossel's, dated May 9. He finds it necessary to tell the men under his command that they are on no account to cease firing while in action, even at the sight of a flag of truce. Such a direction implies, of course, that common soldiers had taken upon themselves to recognise flags of truce without waiting for their officer's commands. Again, he forbids them, under pain of death, to continue firing after the word to cease has been given, or to advance after they have received orders to halt.

M. Thiers has often been reproached with inconsistency—as, indeed, have been most statesmen worthy of the name, the course of history constantly revealing new necessities to the careful observer of events. But the Communists did prove when they covered the walls of Paris with extracts from old speeches of M. Thiers, that he had in former days spoken with singular rashness and want of foresight. It was on January 31, 1848, that he exclaimed from the Tribune—

"You know, gentlemen, what is passing at Palermo: you have all thrilled with horror at learning that, during forty-eight hours, a great city has been bombarded. By whom? By a foreign enemy exercising the rights of war? No; by its own Government. And why? Because that unfortunate city demanded its rights."

A "Friend of Order" recalled to the Parisians other words of the President in the year 1840, which, with the important addition of a negative throughout, would have been prophetic. He declared himself astonished (in the Chamber of Deputies) at persons imagining that fortified works of any kind could be a menace to liberty. Those who expressed such opinions regarded matters from an unreal—from an impossible point of view. It was a calumny on any government that might arise to suppose that it could one day seek to maintain itself by bombarding the capital:—

"What!" he concluded; "after having pierced with its shells the dome of the Invalides or of the

Panthéon—after having flooded with its streams of fire the dwelling-place of your families—do you think that government would dare to present itself before you to demand the confirmation of its powers? Why, it would be a hundred times more impossible after the victory than before it.”

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

The Amazon and Madeira Rivers. By Franz Keller. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1874.)

THIS handsome volume, a translation of the *Vom Amazonas und Madeira*, published in Germany during the same year, furnishes an important addition to our knowledge of an interesting and little known part of the South American continent. The author, Mr. Franz Keller, an engineer in the service of the Brazilian Government, was commissioned in 1867 to make a survey of the long series of rapids and cataracts which impede the navigation of the Madeira river, and which are supposed to be the only obstacles to an extensive trade ready to spring up between the interior provinces of Brazil and Bolivia, on the one hand, and the Atlantic sea-ports and Europe on the other. It was part of his mission also to ascertain the practicability of a railway along the banks of the stream, to connect the navigable portion of its upper waters with that of its lower course below the last rapid. Mr. Keller left Rio de Janeiro, on this important errand, accompanied by his father, in November, 1867, and returned to that city in January, 1869; not too long an interval, be it observed *en passant*, in which to accomplish some 7,000 miles of travel, and execute engineering surveys over a length of 230 miles of river (the length of the section obstructed by rapids), with so small a staff as four persons, all told. In May, 1869, his official report, consisting of sixty-one large octavo pages, was presented to the Minister of the Interior in Rio. The principal engineering details of this report, or such as are calculated to interest general readers, are added to the popular account of the journey in the work before us, and will be welcome to all who value solid information in books of travel.

The grandeur of the idea which led to the mission of Mr. Keller becomes evident when we examine the position of the Madeira on a map of South America, and duly weigh the facts which he gives in the appendix to his work. The upper waters of this vast tributary of the Amazons are seen to consist of a number of affluents, each, according to our European ideas, a great river, spreading like a fan over the fertile plains of Bolivia, and partly over the adjoining Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. It is stated that these streams are navigable, and continue so nearly to the north-eastern frontier of Bolivia; at that point the main stream of the Madeira has acquired the dimensions of a first-class river, having an average width of more than a mile down to its junction with the Amazons. For the last 560 miles of its course the river is again navigable, and by large steamers; in fact it may be said to be here open to the maritime commerce of the world, inasmuch as ocean-going vessels now pass its mouth (800 miles from the Atlantic) on their way

to the city of Manaus, 200 miles above it on the main Amazons. Unfortunately for the welfare of the populations of Bolivia and the Brazilian interior provinces, the navigable upper streams are severed from the great water highway lower down by the series of rapids and falls of the middle course of the river; could some means be devised of removing or avoiding the obstruction, a bright prospect would be opened to stagnant communities, in which, it is fair to say, the rest of the civilised world would participate. Bolivia is rich in mines, forest-productions and pastures, and contains a population of two and three-quarter millions of souls, mostly settled on the plains of the interior, and separated from the Pacific by the ranges of the Andes and a broad zone of sandy desert; the mining country of Matto Grosso is equally isolated from the Atlantic marts of Brazil. To construct a cheap railway past the unfortunate obstructions, would be to bring these regions into direct water communication with the Atlantic. It was an idea worthy of patriotic statesmen, even if they have not sufficiently weighed the great difficulties of the undertaking, arising from ignorance of the physical and economic obstacles to be overcome, and the total absence of civilised population within a radius of six or seven hundred miles from the proposed works.

To do Mr. Keller justice, he is not enthusiastic concerning the immediate results of his survey, and does not mention the fact that the railway has been undertaken. The introduction to his work gives a very fair general account of the Empire of Brazil and an impartial view of its resources and prospects. In his narrative there is no attempt to under-estimate the magnitude of the difficulties which lie in the way of the development of communications by way of the Madeira. The total length of river course obstructed by rapids he found, as already stated, to be 230 miles; within this distance he observed no fewer than seventeen falls of greater or less slope, varying from vertical cataracts of thirty-six feet drop, to rapids sufficiently obstructive to require consideration. At three of the falls it was necessary in ascending to haul the canoes by land past the obstacle, and at nearly all the remainder they had to be unloaded and towed by Indians; the cargoes being carried along the banks. Yet the total slope of the river from the first falls to the last is very slight—only 228 feet, or an average of one foot per mile. All his observations of the altitude of places above the sea confirm the curious results arrived at by many previous explorers, as to the smallness of the difference between the level of the Atlantic and that of the great river in the centre of the South American continent. At Serpa, 700 miles from the mouth, his measurements give the surface at low water as only fifty-nine feet above the mean level of the sea; and at the commencement of the falls of the Madeira, 1,360 miles from the mouth of the Amazons, the altitude was only 200 feet. The great distance above the mouth of the river (500 miles) at which the tides are felt, is another confirmation of the near approach to the sea-level of this wonderful river, the lower part of which, for a thousand miles, must be considered for

all practical purposes as an arm of the sea, and its shores as maritime districts.

Mr. Keller has not, we think, adopted the most attractive arrangement of the matter of his book; giving the narrative briefly in two chapters, and all his remarks on the country, its productions and people, in classified order under separate chapters. The usual method would certainly have been better, namely, that of interspersing the general observations throughout the narrative. His style, however, is pleasant; he describes well and imparts a great amount of interesting and solid information under the various heads he has chosen. Thus we have a chapter on “Canoe and Camp Life;” another on “Hunting and Fishing;” a third on the “Vegetation of the Amazons Valley;” a fourth on the “Wild Indian Tribes,” and so on. The country in the neighbourhood of the falls of the Madeira is still in the possession of aboriginal tribes, the principal of whom, the Caripunas, sometimes attack passing traders. Keller’s party fell in with bands of these picturesque savages, and some of the most interesting parts of his book relate to his intercourse with them. Except a few small canoes which pass annually up and down the river, bringing down produce from the Bolivian settlements to exchange for European goods at the towns on the Amazons, the Madeira is visited only by parties of india-rubber collectors, who meet with great success in the boundless virgin forests of its banks, where the tree yielding this costly sap exists in great abundance. In one of his chapters Mr. Keller gives an exhaustive and amusing account of the mode of collecting and preparing the rubber.

An important feature of the volume is the engravings, sixty-eight in number, with which it is adorned. These are far superior in design and execution to those usually met with in books of travel. The author informs us that he not only sketched the scenes from nature, but copied his drawings on the wood-blocks himself. The result shows that he is an artist of no mean attainments; but we do not think he has succeeded so well in the Indian figures and groups as in the landscapes, and especially in the details of tropical vegetation. Rarely have these been presented in the illustrations of books of this class with such fidelity and beauty as in the sketch of Caripuna Indians with Tapir at p. 89. Many of the engravings being of large quarto size, a correspondingly large format for the volume has been required; but it would be a matter for regret if this circumstance should stand in the way of a wide circulation for so meritorious a book of travels.

It is with reluctance that we allude, in conclusion, to certain shortcomings in the translation. Surely it is necessary in a book for English readers to reduce all measurements of temperature, size and distance to English scales. All these, however, are left untranslated. The temperatures are Centigrade and Réaumur, and the distances in metres; but a serious confusion is caused when miles are mentioned, as they are styled “geographical miles,” although it is evident that German miles are meant, which makes a vast difference, especially when areas are in question. Without special attention, a most

erroneous idea would be conveyed by the table of areas in square miles of the Brazilian provinces, at pp. 2 and 6, where after having just stated that the empire was nearly as large as Europe, the author gives its area as "144,500 geographical square miles;" an unintelligible statement to those who remember that Europe contains nearly two millions of square miles. In a work dealing largely with the result of surveys, greater attention should have been paid to all the numerical data. We notice also numerous misprints, in most cases of proper names; such as *Puro Preto* for *Ouro Preto*, *Bertholetia excelsa* for *Bertholletia excelsa*, and many others. In one place (p. 57), the difficulties are alluded to of passes over the Bolivian Andes "at least 1,500 feet (!) above the sea-level." A good map of the part of the Madeira explored, with a sketch-map on a small scale of South America, would have been useful additions to the work. The original German edition, we notice, has a map of this kind.

H. W. BATES.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. X. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; London: Sampson Low & Co., 1874.)

THIS tenth volume of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States* forms also the fourth of his *American Revolution*; and judging from the statement prefixed to the ninth volume, that "one volume more will complete the American Revolution," as well as from the decisive monosyllable "End" which closes the present one, it is intended to be the last. The contents spread over the four years 1778-1782, closing with the signature by the American Commissioners of the provisional articles of peace, November 30, 1782. It is to be presumed, therefore, that in the judgment of the veteran historian the American Revolution terminated with this act, although it left the British troops in the occupation of two chief American cities for a twelvemonth longer, and although to many the revolutionary era would seem not to have closed till the "rope of sand" of the Confederation gave place in 1787 to the firm bonds of the Union.

A large portion of the volume, and probably nearly all of novelty that it contains, consists of diplomatic matter, for which, as the preface shows, the archives of France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Holland, as well as of Great Britain, have been ransacked, besides unpublished papers of the American Peace Commissioners, and of two of the English ones. Mr. Bancroft claims also to have been able "to trace the division between the North and the South, arising from slavery, further back than had as yet been done;" and this is in a measure correct, although Professor Von Holst's work, *Verfassung und Demokratie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika*, reviewed some months back in these pages, which might perhaps have deserved Mr. Bancroft's notice, contains many of the facts from which he derives this conclusion.

The four years over which this volume extends offer but little interest, so far as the war in America itself is concerned, as com-

pared with the earlier ones. From the moment that France, followed soon by Spain, enters into the struggle, instead of becoming fiercer on the American continent, it only slackens. So far as yet were the Americans from that self-reliance which years of independence have since developed in them, that as soon as they won allies for themselves, they were disposed to cast the whole burthen of the war upon the latter, and could only be whipped up by the most earnest appeals, the most strenuous exertions, to make any efforts themselves, either in men or money. Not a battle was fought by the Northern army under Washington after that of Monmouth (June 28, 1778)—a mere blow struck at a retreating foe, which only delayed his progress by a day—until the siege of Yorktown. From the time of the battle of Monmouth till the news of the signature of the preliminary articles of peace, a period of more than three and a half years, it is almost incredible to think that the British forces were left virtually unmolested in New York, simply because the American people could not be brought to supply a trusted commander-in-chief with sufficient means, even with French assistance, for driving or starving them out. The campaign in the south, interesting as it is, was only the result of British invasion, and Charleston, like New York, was only at last voluntarily surrendered by England at the peace. For stubborn perseverance under defeat, bull-dog tenacity in pursuit, constancy under all hindrances, Greene is almost another Washington, and, like another Washington, he is equally starved of support by his country. Imagine the position of the commander of an army, to whom his finance minister has to write, "You must continue your exertions with or without men or provisions, clothing or pay!" No nation ever struck the first blows for independence with more fervid enthusiasm than the Americans; none ever more sluggishly the last. When Clinton, after that surrender of Yorktown which virtually stopped the war, was willing to be responsible for the conquest of America if he could only have 10,000 additional men, he was probably wrong, for he had Washington still in front of him. But Washington himself knew that it was "high time for a peace," and when at this day one considers carefully and dispassionately the position of the belligerents at the end of 1782, it is clear that England was the least exhausted of any, and that had she not been engaged in a cause which her own people felt to be an iniquitous one, a few more blows, such as she was alone capable of dealing, might have secured, though only for a time, her material triumph, and thus delayed by perhaps a decade or two the final loss of the American colonies. Thank God that it was not so! Sharply as we may feel to this day the pang of that rending in twain of our great English race, England's victory, on the ground which she had taken up, would have been the knell of freedom throughout the world; her defeat rang in the renewal of its life, and peals yet in every successive conquest which it has since achieved. The struggle with America gave to ourselves the publicity of Parliamentary debates; Pitt's, the first great motion for Parliamentary Re-

form, was brought forward in the interval between the cessation of actual hostilities and a formal peace. For the continent of Europe the American revolution was the forerunner of that far more terrible struggle in France, which, as its results unroll, seems to have given more of freedom to almost every civilised country than to that in which it took place, although, if we except hapless Poland, there is not one whose share it has not increased. And if, through the shock of conflict which it involved, that struggle retarded for a while our own constitutional development, this has since proceeded for us on the same lines which were virtually opened out through American independence, those of "peace, economy, reform." To Spanish America, lastly, the American revolution gave in due time both independence and the forms in which it is clothed, while it has throughout the world introduced freedom into the relations between colonies and the mother-country, either through that almost absolute self-government which England freely concedes to her own, or through colonial representation in the Parliament of the mother-country, as in the case of France and Portugal.

Mr. Bancroft may well be congratulated on having brought to a close the history of a period so momentous in its results. His work, though it will not place him in the front rank of historians, even among those of his own country, is likely to remain a standard one, and by its fulness and what may be called its workmanlike character deserves to do so. It is moreover observable, that in quality it has improved as it has gone on; that through the mellowing either of age or official experience it has, besides acquiring more comprehensiveness of scope, gained also in moderation of tone. Perfect impartiality as between his own countrymen and foreigners is not indeed to be expected from the author. Those negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, which occupy so large a place in Washington's correspondence during this period, and throughout which the object of the Americans appears to have been either to keep as long as possible a large number of trained English soldiers in their hands, as against their own raw levies, whose terms of engagement were mostly long since expired, or, if compelled to give them up, to entrap England into some political concession, find no place in the pages of the present volume. There is an evident slurring over of the discreditable haste of the American Commissioners in signing a peace behind the backs of their French allies, although admitted ere this by his own countrymen, as will be seen by reference to Jared Sparks's *Life and Correspondence of Franklin*. Cases like those of the execution of Hayne and Huddy have two sides to them, one of which is barely indicated. In some instances, indeed, perhaps a slur is cast where none is intended; but probably few people, reading of Burke's acceptance of office under the second Rockingham ministry, that "He was more than content with the rich office of paymaster for himself, and lucrative places for his kin," would imagine that one of the first uses he made of place was, in bringing forward again his plan of economic reform, largely to cut

away the emoluments of his own office. English readers, one trusts, are mostly aware of this, but one doubts whether American readers are, and for their benefit it would have been surely better, if not more candid, to have qualified such a sentence by a note. Mr. Bancroft's English hero, it must be added, is Lord Shelburne, Burke's conduct towards whom is one of the uglier passages of his career; but just on that account a true historian should have been scrupulous in giving the latter his due in a matter wherein he deserves all praise.

Mr. Bancroft's style, never unfortunately pleasant, is in this volume strongly tinged with what may be called Continentalism. "Complot" is an ugly Gallicism which one may have met with in previous volumes, but in the present one it is odiously prominent, giving, for instance, a title to a whole chapter, "The *Complot* of Sir Henry Clinton and Arnold." No less unpleasant in the same direction is "she *repugns* every exertion." On the other hand, in the use of the term "regent" in place of "ruler"—"He united in himself the qualities of a great *regent*,"—Mr. Bancroft has slid into a Teutonism as unmistakable as it is useless. Indeed, that there should not be a stronger Teutonic flavour in Mr. Bancroft's style is rather matter for surprise, when one considers the large space he has allotted to Germany in the present volume. Whether, indeed, many readers will be disposed to accept his character of Frederic II. as of one who "lived with and *for* the people," may be a question; as also, whether his description of Duke Charles Augustus of Saxe-Weimar as "warm-hearted," is exactly carried out by the statement in the same sentence that at the age of nineteen, while he refused leave to open recruiting offices for the English service, he "consented to the delivery of vagabonds and convicts." "Cold-blooded cuteness" would, perhaps, be rather the term which a reader would be inclined to apply to such a transaction who is less of a Philo-Teuton than the United States Minister at the Court of the German Emperor.

J. M. LUDLOW.

Contes Populaires recueillis en Agenais.

Par M. Jean-François Bladé. Traduction Française et Texte Agenais, suivis de Notes Comparatives par M. Reinhold Köhler. (Paris: Librairie Joseph Baer, 1874.)

A COLLECTION of popular tales annotated by Dr. Reinhold Köhler is always a welcome boon to students of folk-lore. So copious are his stores of learning, drawn from the popular literatures of all nations, that he is able to render precious even a commonplace text by the richness of his attendant commentary. The collection now before us is interesting in itself, both to the philologist and to the comparer of folk-tales; but its value in the eyes of scholars will be greatly enhanced by the fact of its being attended by fifteen pages of "notes comparatives," into which Dr. Köhler has compressed such a mass of information as only he or Professor Felix Liebrecht could supply.

M. Bladé published in 1867 a collection of "Contes et Proverbes Populaires recueillis

en Armagnac," and he has now done the same good service for the stories he has found in the Agenais, a district which formerly extended along both banks of the Garonne, coinciding with the ancient bishopric of Agen. But in 1317 the creation of the diocese of Condom reduced the feudal and ecclesiastical Agenais to the portion situated on the right bank of the river. By visiting the much frequented fairs in this district he was enabled to make acquaintance with some thirty possessors of popular lore, but he has chiefly drawn upon the stores supplied "by three persons, gifted in the most eminent degree with such respect for tradition and fidelity to old memories as are becoming more and more rare." Each story is given exactly as it was written down, but the Agen text is accompanied by a translation for the benefit of ordinary Frenchmen. The stories comprise eight "Contes," which M. Bladé defines as tales which both the teller and the hearer acknowledge to be fictions of a marvellous nature—five "Récits," or anecdotes which, if not true, are at least truthlike, and are usually of a humorous cast—and five "Superstitions," which are generally accepted as true by the narrator and his audience. For the last division, "legends" would perhaps have been a better designation.

The story of "Peau d'Ane" is a version of the widely spread tale of the heroine whose betrothed or husband deserts her, but is eventually won back. The opening is that of "Beauty and the Beast," but instead of an inferior animal, a king of France demands a maiden's hand as a recompense for not eating her father, and strangely enough two out of three girls refuse the proffered diadem. "Les Deux Jumeaux" are heroic twins, one of whom saves an exposed maiden from a "seven-headed beast," and marries her. She warns him against a certain house, but he attempts to enter it. Being induced to pass a hair of his head through the cat's-hole in the door, he is swallowed up by the earth. His brother coming to seek him, substitutes a hair from his steed's mane for one of his own, so he escapes from the earthquake which swallows up the house, and afterwards he storms the fatal house and releases his engulfed brother. "Les Deux Filles" is one of the usual stepmother stories, in which the pretty stepdaughter is deserted by her father in a wood, but finds in it a castle, the proprietress of which receives her hospitably. As on taking leave she chooses the worst of the presents offered her, she is rewarded by many good things, including three stars which descend from heaven to rest upon her brow and chin, and is married to the son of the King of England. But her half-sister, "ugly as sin," who visits the castle, behaves greedily, and therefore is utterly disgraced, and forced to become the wife of a drunkard who beats her twenty times a day. The opening of "La Gardense de Dindons" is one of those variants of the King Lear story in which a monarch who is very fond of salt is told by his youngest daughter that she loves him as much as he loves salt, whereupon he disinherits her. But that episode has been forgotten by the Agen narrator, in which the mistaken parent is brought by a saltless dish to a sense of his daughter's real affection for him. The second

part of the story is that of "Cinderella." Most remarkable among the other *Contes* are two Vampire stories entitled "La Goulue" and "La Jambe d'Or." In the former a girl of eighteen cares for neither dances nor sweet-hearts, but is always longing for raw meat. One night her fond parents, being unable to procure any at the butcher's, dig up a corpse, cut off its left leg, and present it to their hungry child. She eats up every morsel of its flesh, then cracks its bone and sucks the marrow. All night long a voice is heard around the house, crying "Give me back my leg." The next day the girl, being at home alone, finds suspended from the crook in the kitchen a corpse, wanting its left leg. It orders her to heat water and wash its right leg. She does so. Then it tells her to wash its left leg. She replies that it has none, whereupon it carries her off to its desecrated grave and there eats her. The other story is of a similar nature. A lovely lady, one of whose legs is of gold, is buried by her sorrowing lord. But at night her footman digs her up, and carries off her precious limb. Next morning the grave-digger reports that the buried lady is screaming for her golden leg. The husband visits her grave, explains to her that she has been buried with both legs on, and promises to have masses said for the repose of her soul. But the screams go on. Her waiting-maid pays a similar visit with no better result. Lastly the footman goes, though much against his will. And when he says, "What do you want, madam?" the lady cries, "I want you," and bursting from the earth, she seizes that footman, drags him into her grave, and there eats him up. Of this horrible tale, which seems entirely out of keeping in the West of Europe, in which the dead seldom evince such morbid appetites, Dr. Köhler gives four variants. In the first, from Oldenburg, a servant-maid steals the leg of her buried mistress; in the second, from Schleswig-Holstein, a mother steals her son's golden leg; in the third, one of Colshorn's *Märchen*, a grave-digger steals a little girl's golden leg. The fourth is the English tale contributed by Mr. Baring Gould to Henderson's *Notes on the Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, in which a husband purloins his dead wife's golden arm. To these we may add a Russian variant, from Tver, the eighteenth of Chudinsky's *Russkaya Narodnaya Skazki* (Moscow, 1864). In it an orphan girl, after the death of an aunt, one of whose legs was of gold, is reduced to utter distress. So she goes one dark and rainy night to the churchyard, and opens her aunt's grave, intending to carry off the golden limb. In the grave there is no trace of her aunt, except the leg of gold. This she seizes and sets off home. But on the way back she sees her dead aunt drawing near, hears her voice asking after her golden leg, and falls senseless to the ground. Next morning the passers-by find her lying there dead. But the golden leg has disappeared.

The "Récits" contribute little that is new, except the information that Henri IV. is represented by Agen legends as a gigantic being, strong as a bull. But among the "Superstitions" there are two which are curious. "L'Homme aux Dents Rouges" belongs to the cycle of stories relating to a journey to the other world, but Dr. Köhler

is not aware of any other tale which answers to it in its entirety. A girl refuses to marry till a wooer with red teeth overcomes her reluctance to wed. As her husband disappears every morning, to return at night, she induces her brothers to follow him. The elder brother fails, but the younger succeeds in discovering how he spends his time. Among other things, he serves a mass in a church, on the altar of which burn tapers, one shorter than the rest, and against the windows of which birds keep flying. Eventually he explains to his inquisitive brother-in-law that the birds which beat against the windows were the souls of unchristened children, and that the short taper was the type of that brother-in-law's life, soon to be extinguished. The other story, "*Le Jeune Homme Châtié!*" is that of a false lover who betrays his unfortunate love. She dies, and remorse preys upon her betrayer's heart. So he goes with a fellow pilgrim to Rome, and confesses his sin to the Pope. And the Pope summons his companion, and tells him that on the return journey a strange beast will fasten upon the penitent, who will bear it with him, and at night will go along with it to his chamber. Into that chamber no one is to enter, whatever may happen. All this comes to pass. As the pilgrims toil along, a beast, which afar off seems small, and close at hand appears big, leaps on to the penitent's back, and holds on there by its claws. The penitent bears it with him to his room. And at night a terrible uproar is heard within his chamber, but no man dares to enter therein until the next morning. Then the room is found to be empty, nor is anything ever heard afterwards either of the man or of the beast.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

The Life of Thomas Fuller, D.D., with Notices of his Books, his Kinsmen, and his Friends. By John Eglington Bailey. (London: B. M. Pickering. Manchester: T. J. Day, 1874.)

THIS is one of those rare books that seem to be growing still rarer year by year in these book-manufacturing days, and which, though their faults were multiplied fifty-fold, ought to be received with thankfulness by all who care for the great names of English literature. Brain and pen, not paste-pot and scissors, have been the implements used on it; and if, as usual, perhaps inevitable with such type of book, the thing be overdone in one direction and underdone—as will appear—in another, and it be altogether too bulky and gaseous, the research is so self-evident, the integrity of pains (in the old sense) so marked, the mastery of the entire outward facts so thorough, and the enthusiasm so innocently Elia-like, that it were worse than ungrateful even very much to qualify one's gladness and gratitude over such a new life of such a man and wit (again in the old sense) as this of Thomas Fuller. Sure we are that the present is just such a book as Charles Lamb would have said "grace" for, and that with much more gusto than for any conceivable dinner, his own "roast pig" not excepted. There have been various inadequate sketches of the life of Fuller, but the best, to wit, Russell's *Memorials*—on which,

en passant, Mr. Bailey could have afforded to withhold Charles Knight's very silly criticism and spared a kindly word rather—is thin and empty beside this huge octavo. Perchance, indeed, its very size and massiveness may frighten away readers, if not buyers. But for our part not one page almost of all the 826 would we wish away,—i.e., everything here brought together deserved preservation *once*. As we shall indicate hereafter, Mr. Bailey may be induced to compact and give another form to his superabundant materials; but for his noble book just as it lies before us in its pleasant discursiveness, piquant asides, chatty quotations, affluent genealogical and biographical and sub-biographical compilations we have little but thanks and praise, seeing that substantially it is a capital piece of honest and genuine work. The special merit of this new *Life* is the compiler's open-eyed reading of Fuller's own books, and his unflinching utilisation of the very slightest personal detail hidden therein. The special defect is, that if the hero of it chanches in any manner of way to be associable with any Smith, Brown, Robinson, or Jones, forthwith there is tacked on a memoir not merely of Smith, Brown, Robinson, or Jones, but of his twentieth half-cousin—which, sooth to say, so comes between the reader and Fuller as to be somewhat provoking. And yet so genial and matterful is Mr. Bailey, that he contrives somehow to interest one in the veriest Smith, Brown, Robinson or Jones of them all; so that for *once*, as already said, the most epexegetical note is welcome, especially as the new and old information, while irrelevant, is often in itself extremely acceptable. A glance at chapter i. will serve as a specimen of the method, or no method, of the entire book. Starting with the Latin "*nomen et omen*," first Fuller and next Thomas are made the text of a constantly digressing dissertation, with quaint bits from Heylin (Carlyle's "*lying Peter*"), and from Fuller himself, and the most out-of-the-way sources early and more recent. As a rule, each quotation and reference is given at first-hand, as shown by the carefully filled-in places and editions. Interwoven with all the lore on the name and surname—*per se* a noticeable contribution to the history of English names—are illustrations and inter-illustrations of every imaginable thing—e.g., Sir John and Lady Fullerton are lugged in, and thereupon comes their punning epitaph and the profound remark, "This is quite in character with the quaintness of the reign of King James" (p. 5)! Again, "*Epoche*" is incidentally quoted, and lo! there is a note on *epoche*, *epochee*, *époxy* as a trisyllable correspondent with—*építome*!! Once more: in the text we are duly informed that "to none of the branches of the family here mentioned, nor yet to the less extensive houses settled in *Surrey, Kent, &c.*, have we been able to refer with certainty Fuller's paternal descent" (pp. 16, 17); and thereupon one would have expected those family-lines to be left unexplored. But so far from this, Mr. Bailey multiplies note upon note, excursus upon excursus, on these same extraneous Fullers! For one, we are furnished with a full memoir of Thomas Fuller, M.D., biographic and biblio-

graphic, and actually a facsimile of Vertue's portrait of him; and yet this Dr. Thomas Fuller had no more to do with our Dr. Thomas Fuller than any of the diverse Fullers enumerated. Mr. Bailey's one plea for introducing him being somebody's having confounded him with the Fuller. By the way, it may be here remarked that the facsimile portrait of Thomas Fuller, M.D., reminds us of others (two vivid steel plates) of Bishop Davenant, with, of course, a memoir of him, because the venerable bishop was our Fuller's uncle and patron. And so in chapter after chapter, the proverbial needle is again and again buried in the up-piled masses of hay—hay, excellent no doubt, but in the road when it is the needle (and thread, too) one is in vain search of.

Enough has been submitted to indicate that Mr. Bailey, among his qualifications, does not possess that of discrimination—or, to put it in another way, that, having accumulated materials in innumerable note-books, he is content to tumble them all out, and so to be a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water" for some dexterous book-maker, when he shows capacity to be an artist. We put the matter thus strongly with a *souçon* of reluctance, for some may misconstrue it into depreciation; but our wish is to stimulate the Compiler into a Biographer, and the day-labourer into a master-builder. Thus, nothing could be more entertaining, as we have seen, than Fuller's own references to his own name with which chapter i. is filled and running over; but how utterly out of place are they! First of all as anticipating facts and characteristics lying far off in after years, and next as missing the opportunity given in them of illustrating onward the fecundity and pleasantness of his wit as compared with the malicious heaviness of his opponents in their vulgar playing on name and life. Here indeed lies the fundamental mistake of the book as a *Life*. There is not so much as an attempt to analyse the elements of Fuller's very remarkable and almost (in England) unique genius. There are many good things picked out from his books and many good things said about them and him, but his large and magnificent personality is lost in the surplage of relatively petty details. Indeed, the treatment of Lord Fitz-Hardinge's truly great and self-authenticating portrait of Fuller, in reproducing it in a very poor and commonplace lithograph, instead of steel from some cunning hand, is ominous. Mr. Bailey, with all his quenchless industry and admirable persistence of search and research, and alertness of vision (without other men's spectacles), fails to dominate his chapters with the man himself, e.g. fails to distinguish critically Fuller's manly and unvociferous loyalty to the Throne from the greedy royalism of too many of his churchly contemporaries, and fails to bring out the many-sidedness of his ample nature as exemplified in his relations—so kindly, so full of wise charity, so magnanimous—to the men of his age, and his catholicity of heart toward every true man. Similarly, in the quasi-analyses of his many books, we have scraps out of them and note upon note about them, but all higgledy-piggledy, and in nowise contributory from chapter to chapter

to that elucidation of his intellectual growth and final estimate of the specialties of the man and the writer, that are demanded in a Life.* That Mr. Bailey has ability to present Fuller as we would have him presented is not doubtful to us; but he must be less loquacious and less captive to his note-books, and willing to suppress very small pedantries and spites of a pseudo-scholarship. Let him be self-restrained and self-forgotten, and he has it in him to write a Life that shall get into men's hearts. We are thus earnest in counselling Mr. Bailey to give us more of Fuller himself, and less about and about and about him, because at the close of his Preface he announces an "abridged Memoir" to be "appended" (why not prefixed?) to an edition of his "collected Sermons in two volumes now in preparation" by him.

In Thomas Fuller he has a subject whereof he might make a Life that would take its place beside Walton's Lives earlier and Southey's Nelson later. It must be added that the indexes are exceedingly well done. We cannot say much for the illustrations. They are washed-looking, and in some of the monumental ones weak and characterless. The printing is good; but the paper is very inferior and badly discoloured. With every abatement because of excess and digressiveness, Mr. Bailey has won his spurs in this book. He has recalled to this generation a lustrous and most loveable memory. He has spared no toil, no expense of diligence. He has opened out many new veins of biographic and literary enquiry. He deserves, and we trust will receive, encouragement to pursue his studies in this line. How long is Cambridge to leave the wrong undressed of no collective edition of Fuller's works? Non-conformist though he be, the University will not readily find a second so thoroughly furnished for the undertaking as Mr. Bailey, and certainly none more informed with that enthusiasm which is demanded for such a task.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

NEW NOVELS.

The Story of Three Sisters. By Cecil Maxwell. (Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

Monk's Norton. By the Author of "Mary Powell." (R. Bentley & Son, 1875.)

Baiting the Trap. By Jean Middlemas. (Chapman & Hall, 1875.)

Rupert Redmond. By W. S. Southwell. (S. Tinsley, 1875.)

Her Good Name. By J. Fortrey Bouverie. (S. Tinsley, 1875.)

Innocent as a Baby. (R. Bentley & Son, 1875.)

THE charming *Story of Three Sisters* owes so much of its attraction to a pure and graceful style, that it is scarcely possible to do it justice without long quotations. The plot is something like the expansion into a novellette of the idea expressed in Miss Rossetti's sonnet, "A Trio." Here are three sisters, as beautiful as the Graces, or the three of

* Cf. the assimilateness of Fuller's reading with the mere quotation of Burton's *Anatomy*, and what a measure of difference is furnished in this alone between the men! Again: see the power of Fuller's influence across the centuries, e.g. Wordsworth owns finely that he drew his imperishable "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" from his *Church History*; and so others of mark.

Ronsard's pretty poem, living their lives in a quiet country house, at the beginning of this century. They each have their lovers, of course, and the sweetest, Pamela, is, like Sappho's apple, which the pluckers "forget not,—nay—but get not;" or again, like the wild hyacinth flower, "which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound." The author has had the pretty idea of prefixing the first of Mr. Rossetti's couplets on this theme to the first volume, and the second stanza to the volume which tells of the passion of Pamela. It is not possible to say that the story is very firmly grasped, or that the perplexities of Pamela's lovers are not shared by the reader. But the characters, especially Mr. Quicke, the old lawyer and lover of art, George Lynton, the beautiful young noble, and Pamela herself, are drawn with tender care and feeling. There is a kind of dimness, or rather a faintness of colour, about the pictures, which seems rather the result of their distance in time, and of the fading passage of years than of indistinctness in handling. If it may be allowed to illustrate the pleasure given by one art by an example drawn from another, we should say that to read *The Story of Three Sisters* is like seeing a long array of Mr. Frederick Walker's drawings. It is rare to find so nearly perfect and satisfactory a story as that of *Three Sisters*, which is one to linger over, and return to with a sort of *nostalgie*.

"There is reason in all things," said Bessy; "and Honora will be at least a quarter of an hour too soon."

"Oh Bessie!" cried Honora, bursting out laughing.

"You really will. It now wants five minutes to the half-hour."

"By your watch, which is always behind time."

"The hall clock always gains."

"But what does it signify?" persisted Honora, gaily.

"My time is no object."

There are five hundred and fifty-six pages of this twaddle in *Monk's Norton*. Our time is an object, whatever Honora's may have been; and if we persist, it is not gaily. The question which will agitate some circles about *Monk's Norton*, we cannot solve. We are not sure whether it is a Sunday story. But as the rich worldly father dies of a fit while a dance is going on at his house, we think it may pass muster, even among patrons of the *Rock*.

There are so many things to be said against the practice of reading large batches of novels, that there can be no harm in dwelling for a moment on the one advantage of this form of labour. The study of contemporary fiction, like the study of everything else in an incompletely developed universe, is useful to the amateur of evolution, and of culture. One is tempted to think that the human race is making great advances on its early state, and it is salutary to be set face to face with surviving follies, and crimes that are not nearly exploded—with spiritualism, Thibetan polyandry, Lancashire ruffianism, and the mind of the common English novelist. For example, there is real discipline for the proud spirit in such a book as *Baiting the Trap*. Here is an author who introduces an old Jew miser

and dealer in *bric-à-brac*, with his lovely daughter, just as if that group still had a fresh and lively interest. Here is a specimen of the old gentleman's style of talk:—

"Holy Abraham! to think that the child of your departed pious mother should live to disgrace the birth-right which should have been for her a proud inheritance, and to stain and soil it by unlawful love gambols with Gentile dogs."

This is not a very nice way of addressing an only child, and the Jew was going on to be even more shocking and improper, "but the curse that his lips would fain have formed died away with a rattle in his throat." The fair Miriam was noted, even among her Semitic kin, for her opulent grandiosity of style. It is thus that she paints Deceit: "A young and beautiful maiden with dark hair and rich colouring, graceful in form, round in limb, velvety, soft, and downy; and for a flower type I would take a Moorish cucumber, which from its slender thread-like stems hangs its luscious-looking blood-red head." Beside Miriam, we have a velvety, soft, downy, and feline widow and intriguer; a mysterious baronet—the Gentile dog whose love gambols have been referred to; a frisky *ingénue*, some strong-minded females, and the editor of a paper which advocated the higher education of women. How they all married it were long to tell, but the *ingénue* wedded a noble lord who swore fluently in several languages. *Baiting the Trap* is a dismal novel to review, and an impossible one to read.

There are two Irish novels on our list this week, which have this point in common, that the characters are never allowed to become blue-moulded for want of a beating. Mr. Rupert Redmond, the young English hero of the fiction that bears his name, goes to live with Irish cousins in the village of Ballycrannagh. His life is a course of fighting and love-making with the sons and one of the daughters of the tenant farmers. There is a good deal of easy humour in the description of the rival clans of Devenney and M'Clatchey; in the story of the building of the village "Academy," which was completed in one day, and in the broils and bargainings of the village fairs. The author is less at home in England, and with English grammar he has only a very distant acquaintance. But his story leads the reader on, and is so unaffected that it is impossible not to feel in a state of charity with the writer. The adventures in America, where good Irishmen go while they are alive, as good Americans go to Paris when they die, are less lively than those of Charles O'Malley and Con Cregan; but Wee Micky, though not so lively, is a much more chivalrous squire than Micky Free.

Her Good Name is a tale of a very different calibre. There can be no harm in assuming that the author is a lady; no man ever drew girls so natural, and, in the case of the Miss Marauders, so nasty. The misfortune is that she has been anxious to know too much, and to depict—what Thackeray said he was not permitted to try—a man. She has been present at whatever mysteries of the male sex correspond to those of the Bona Dea; she knows how copper captains talk to barmaids, and is proficient in the slang of billiard-

rooms. This gives an air of fastness to the book which is not in the least essential to it. The girls, with one exception, are good girls, and the worst of them is not altogether unmaidenly. We should conjecture that the part of the tale which was written with the greatest pleasure is that concerned with the heroine's childhood. Her troubles begin when she leaves the home of her ruined family for the society of some rich cousins. Here she finds a lover in Philip Archer, and a bitter enemy in Kate Harborton, a dependant of the house, who has fallen in love with Mr. Archer without being asked. Kate is a very bad girl indeed: she lies, writes anonymous letters, bets, steals, and throws the blame of the theft on Elizabeth, who thus loses her lover and her good name. Archer is a weak creature, who is involved in a breach of promise of marriage case with a miller's daughter, all through the story, and who does not deserve Florence, the most amiable character in the tale. There is a web of horsey intrigue and steeple-chase talk woven all about the main thread of the plot, and we are introduced to very bad male society, where horse-whippings come off in a string, like the man-slayings in the *Njala*. Archer threatens to whip Coleman; Coleman beat Patsy; Wall beat Coleman, and so on. What puzzles us is to find any good reason for putting up a light boy of sixteen in a steeplechase where the weights averaged about eleven stone. Nor do we see how Wall, whom a loss of 45*l.* was to ruin, could bet in hundreds with strange bookmakers, without making any deposit. These improbabilities were necessary to the plot of a story which, though full of cleverness and observation, and though written in a good and quiet style, is too painful as a whole, and very disagreeable in many scenes. That the author can do infinitely better we have very little doubt. She seems to be defending a thesis that women can write about men as not without knowledge, and thus gives a false twist to her considerable natural genius.

The author of *Innocent as a Baby* requests us, on his title-page, to keep our temper with him. Now it is so very hard to do this, that we must flee from before a temptation which might prove too strong for the meekest of men. He burlesques the style of Thackeray, which is an unpardonable offence. The pleasure given by that great master has not yet been spoiled, as the pleasure of Dickens's writings has been, by imitators. *Innocent as a Baby* is imbecile as a novel, neither plot, if plot it can be called, nor automata (*characters* is not the word), have the feeblest interest, and the fluent moralisings are mere impertinences. A. LANG.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We understand that the writer of the obituary notice of Canon Kingsley, which closes the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, is Sir Arthur Helps.

We are to have this year, from Messrs. Macmillan, a History of Eton College, by Mr. H. E. Maxwell Lyte, which aims at greater completeness in an historical sense than any former book on the subject. It is expected that, beside its character as a full account of the development of an ancient educational foundation, the abundance

of new detail about the customs and rules of the place, of biographical traits and new anecdote, will prove curious and interesting to all readers. The illustrations, which will be rather numerous, are under the superintendence of Mr. Philip H. Delamotte.

THE translation of the *Aeneid* on which Mr. William Morris is engaged, is, we understand, line for line, and in rhymed fourteen-syllable metre.

A LIFE of Lord Shelburne, the minister of George III., by his great grandson, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, will fill up in some ways a missing chapter in English history. Papers that have turned up lately in the possession of the family throw new light on the negotiations with America that took place in Shelburne's ministry. Mr. Bancroft acknowledges his obligations to these papers in his new volume; but it did not come in his plan to use them exhaustively, as they will be used in these volumes. The first volume, taking in 1737-1766, will be published very shortly. The others may be expected before very long. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers.

DR. LUDWIG GEIGER announces an edition of his father's scattered articles and unpublished essays. It will be completed in five volumes, the last of which will contain a minute biography of the late Dr. Abraham Geiger.

THE third volume of the *Calendar of Treasury Papers*, edited by Mr. Joseph Redington, which has been issued this week, embraces the period between the accession of Queen Anne (March 8, 1702) and the end of the year 1707. Sidney, Lord Godolphin, who played an important part in the reigns of four successive sovereigns, was Lord High Treasurer at this time, and most of the papers abstracted in this volume bear evidence of his industry and administrative capacity. As a curious instance of the attention paid by him to small items of expenditure may be mentioned a query, put at the back of a warrant for a new silver trumpet for the Duke of Marlborough's trumpeter, as to what had become of the old one. Among letters of biographical interest is one from Henry Compton, Bishop of London, to Godolphin, respecting the circumstances of Narcissus, Archbishop of Armagh. The latter "poor gentleman" is described as an excellent scholar and worthy good man, but little versed in the affairs of this world; his charitable and generous temper having left him so bare that he could think of nothing but retiring and setting up a private school for his livelihood. Two notices occur of Daniel De Foe, or Foote, as the name is sometimes written—once in a list of persons prosecuted for *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, and again in an order for payment, out of the secret service money, of 50*l.* to one who "did not care to appear himself" for apprehending him. That the beginning of Anne's reign did not augur much for a due encouragement of art by her advisers, is shown us by the circumstances connected with a memorial of a London merchant, one Robert Balle. With this person, it seems, a contract had been entered into, on behalf of the late King, for a supply from Italy, for 600*l.*, of seven marble statues and one marble head (among them being "Autumn, with two Satyrs at his Feet," valued at 120*l.*, and "A double statue of Pan and Orpheus," at 40*l.* At the back of Balle's petition for payment, on King William's death, it is minuted "He may have the statues again." Great difficulties, too, were experienced by Signor Verrio, who was employed in decorating Hampton Court Palace, in getting any portion paid of the sums due to him; but this was the experience of all public servants in those days. Much other curious and instructive matter is to be gleaned from this *Calendar*, apart from its importance as a contribution to the general history of the kingdom.

In the second volume of Mr. Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind*, to appear in a few days, beside discussions of the Principles of Certitude and the logical processes by which we pass from

the Known to the Unknown, and the experiential solutions of the problems of Matter and Force, Force and Cause, and the Absolute, there is, we understand, an attempt to show that Motion is a mode of Feeling in direct opposition to the materialist conception that Feeling is a mode of Motion.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly a shilling primer of *Household Management and Cookery*, by Mr. Tegetmeier. Mr. Tegetmeier's former books on this subject have been designed for the use of teachers, and have, we believe, been used extensively in normal schools. This primer is for more general use, and aims at fitness even for the rawest learners.

THE number for January 15 of *Im Neuen Reich* contains three hitherto unprinted letters of Goethe which refer to Byron's intended dedication to him of his *Sardanapalus*. These letters were addressed by Goethe to his friend the Chief Librarian and Professor von Benecke, of Göttingen, who seems to have been selected, from his well-known acquaintance with English literature and his official position in the Hanoverian University city, to be the medium of communication between the British and the German poets. It would appear that Byron, having been specially gratified by Goethe's eulogistic notice of *Manfred*, was anxious to pay him a compliment by dedicating *Sardanapalus* to him; and when he forwarded the manuscript from Ravenna to his publisher, Mr. John Murray, in 1821, he sent with it the draft of the form of dedication which he wished to be submitted to Goethe for his approval before it was printed. It was as follows:—"To the illustrious Goethe a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord—the first of existing writers—who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe. The unworthy production which the author ventures to inscribe to him is entitled *Sardanapalus*." By some accident, which cannot now be explained, this proposed dedication did not come into Goethe's hands till a year after: the publication of the drama, when, as these hitherto-unpublished letters show, it was forwarded to him by Professor Benecke, to whom the poet returned it on November 14, 1822, with a request that it might be sent to Mr. Murray for insertion in any subsequent edition of *Sardanapalus*. Strangely enough, this document, to which Goethe attached such importance that he caused a lithograph to be taken of it before he parted with it, was not forwarded by Professor Benecke, among whose papers it was found after his death, in the same envelope in which it had arrived by post from Weimar.

The Unseen Universe, or Physical Speculations on Immortality, is the title of a volume which Messrs. Macmillan will publish in the course of two or three months. It is said to be by two eminent physicists, and to address the two worlds of Theology and Science from a somewhat different platform from any other work of recent times.

WE hear from Bonn that Dr. Aufrecht, now Professor of Sanskrit at Edinburgh, has accepted a professorship there, and will begin to lecture at Easter.

MESSRS. RIVINGTONS announce *An English History for the Use of Public Schools*, by the Rev. J. Franck Bright. As far as can be gathered from the prospectus, it would seem to be intended to take an intermediate place between Miss Thompson's History and Mr. Green's, suitable to young people of a more advanced age than the former, and more directly drawn up with a view to school use than the latter. It is the work of five years, having been entrusted to the author by a considerable number of public-school masters. Mr. Bright has had much practical experience in tuition, which will doubtless give a special value to his book even in days when we are by no means in so deplorable a state as regards school histories as we were five years ago.

PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY has been giving a series of five lectures "On the Growth of Language," at the Peabody Institute at Baltimore. This is one of the foundations, for literary purposes, of the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Peabody. It keeps courses of lectures going all the winter, gives concerts of classical music, has a library of 50,000 volumes, is getting together a gallery of art, &c.

A WEALTHY Quaker of Baltimore has left nearly \$2,000,000 to be divided between a hospital and a university for that city. The latter is in course of organisation.

A MILLIONAIRE of New York, Mr. Benjamin Douglass, some time ago made up his mind that the young men of the United States ought to have a chance of studying Greek and Latin Christian authors in handy text-books as well as "the sensual frivolities of heathen poets." He accordingly gave to Lafayette College an endowment for the study of the early Greek and Latin Christian writers, and agreed to pay for a series of text-books for the class he had set on foot. He placed the general editing of the series in the hands of Professor F. A. March, LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, and a volume of Latin hymns, and one of selections from Eusebius, have been already issued. They have been well received, and will be followed by other volumes of selections from Tertullian, Athenagoras, Augustine, Cyprian, Lactantius, Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, and others.

THE first volume of the new edition—the ninth—of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* appears this day. Among the new articles, some of the most important are—on "Acclimatisation," by A. R. Wallace; "Adulteration," by Dr. Letheby; "Actinozoa" and "Amphibia," by Professor Huxley; "The Alps," by John Ball; "Africa," by J. Keith Johnston; "Afghanistan," by Colonel Yule; "Aesthetics," by J. Sully; "American Literature," by Professor Nichol; "Alchemy," by Jules Andrieu; "Archæology," by A. S. Murray, &c.: and other articles which deserve mention are, "Analogy" and "Analysis," by Professor Croom Robertson; "Abraham" and "Adam" by Dr. L. Davidson; and "Acts of the Apostles," by Dr. Donaldson. Special attention has been paid to weak points in previous editions, such as Biblical History and Criticism, Mental Science, and Literary History; but in all departments so much new matter has been introduced that only about a fourth of the book is, even in substance, the same as the last edition.

THE great German Biographical Dictionary (*Deutsche Biographie*), undertaken by the Historical Commission of the Royal Bavarian Academy, under the auspices of L. von Ranke and J. von Döllinger, is announced as ready for publication. The editors are Baron von Liliencron and Professor Wegele, supported by about 400 contributors. The dictionary is intended for Germany, but it will include Austria, German Switzerland, the Baltic provinces of Russia, and the Netherlands, to the year 1648. It will consist of twenty volumes of about fifty sheets each, two volumes to be published every year.

THE first number has recently appeared of a new Russian periodical, printed in London, for the purpose of disseminating Socialist ideas. For some time past a journal named *Vpered*, or "Forwards," has acted as the organ of the "Russian Emigration." It has now changed its form. The books issuing from its press will continue to appear, as before, at varying intervals, but its "second and third sections" will in future take the form of a fortnightly newspaper, devoted to questions relating to "Russian life, and labour-movements in various lands." The greater part of the first number is occupied by articles upon the recent disturbances in the Russian universities.

M. WOLF communicates to the Société des Sciences Naturelles of Neuchâtel his belief that

he has established that Burgi, a Swiss, born 1552, not only discovered the isochronism of the pendulum, at least at the same time as Galileo, but that he was the first to construct, about 1580, a seconds clock regulated by a pendulum. Huyghens independently, eighty years after Burgi, gave the theory of the pendulum, and made the great discovery of the application of the pendulum as a regulator of clocks.

THE *Monitore di Bologna* states that not many days since there were discovered in the archives of Reggio thirty original letters by Guicciardini, addressed to Count Alessandro Malaguzzi. It is to be hoped they will be published by the Cavaliere P. Viani, who some years since found sixty other letters of Guicciardini, and that both discoveries will form part of a most interesting work, now about to be published by Viani, on the government of Reggio by Guicciardini. It is well known that the illustrious historian governed both Modena and Reggio in the name of Pope Leo X., and consequently this publication, enriched by the above documents, will be of the greatest use to the students of Italian history.

THE Italian papers state that Professor Fiorentino has discovered, in a library at Rome, a manuscript work on the Reformation, of about 200 pages, by the philosopher Campanella.

SIGNOR P. FERRATO has, as we learn from the *Nuova Antologia* for January, edited a hitherto unpublished piece by Antonio Pucci (Padova, 1874), which celebrates the taking of Padua in 1337 by M. Piero de' Rossi, then commander of the Florentine forces. Signor Ceresole adds to the rich store of knowledge which we already owe to the reports of the Venetian ambassadors, by editing a volume called *Del Governo e Stato dei Signori Svizzeri* (Venezia: Antonelli, 1874). This is a report on the condition and government of Switzerland in 1608 by Giovanni Battista Padavino, Secretary to the Council of Ten in Venice. He gives an account of the customs, the industries, and laws of the chief towns, and much valuable information about the civil legislation and military organisation of the country.

SIGNOR ANDREA TESSIER has published three interesting letters from the unpublished diaries of Marin Sanuto, under the title *Documenti tratte degli inediti Diarii di Marin Sanudo* (Venezia: Cecchini, 1874). These letters, published as part of the celebration of an illustrious marriage, have been chosen as being descriptions of three great festivities in the sixteenth century. The first describes a tournament held at Valladolid in 1518 in the presence of Charles V.; the second, the festivities at the French Court at Amboise on the occasion of the baptism of the son of Francis I.; and the fifth gives an account of the Carnival at Rome in 1519.

ACCORDING to the *Continental Herald*, the German Emperor has just presented to the Public Library of Geneva a splendidly bound copy of the works of Frederick the Great, in thirty-three volumes. The edition is that published by the Prussian Government, which is not on sale to the public.

THE reception of M. Alexandre Dumas at the French Academy is fixed for February 11. M. d'Haussonville will reply. M. Caro will probably be received by M. Camille Rousset in the course of the month of March, after which the election will take place to the chair vacant by the death of Jules Janin.

THE copyright of Michelet's works was put up to auction in Paris a few days since. The price fixed by the owners was 196,000 francs; but, there being no bid to a higher amount, in conformity with a special authorisation, bids were made diminishing in amount 10,000 francs a bid, till in the end Messrs. Michel Lévy Frères became the purchasers for the sum of 56,500 francs. To this must be added the judicial and auctioneers' expenses, and the cost of the volumes to be purchased, raising

the actual sum realised to about 100,000 francs. It should be mentioned also that the copyright of *l'Histoire de France*, *l'Histoire de la Révolution française*, *Nos Fils*, and *La Montagne*, had been previously disposed of for fifteen years for 215,000 francs.

Polybiblion states that a society has just been started at Oporto for the publication on a large scale of ancient and modern Portuguese works. Its first issue is a splendid new edition of Camoens, illustrated by Gustave Doré.

LAST month was sold at Paris the collection of drawings, books and autographs of the late Julien Boilly, the artist and learned amateur. His copies from the Italian, Flemish, and French schools sold at a fair price, 170 after Murillo, his favourite master, for 4,160 fr. The autographs were extensive and well chosen, but it was remarkable that all sovereign and political characters were excluded from M. Boilly's collection. Some of them sold at the following prices:—A signature of Bacon, 106 fr.; the same of Benserade, 50 fr.; autograph letter of Bossuet, 105 fr.; Byron, 70 fr.; Calvin, 91 fr.; Fénelon, 80 fr.; Franklin, letter to Marat, 80 fr.; Galileo, 460 fr.; M^{me}. de la Fayette, 55 fr.; Montesquieu, 200 fr.; Sir I. Newton, 500 fr.; Jean Racine, letter to Père Bouhours, 575 fr.; Saint-Gelais, 21 fr.; M^{me}. de Sevigné, 305 fr.; Vaucanson, 82 fr.; Vauvenargues, 351 fr.; Voiture, 50 fr. Among the artists, may be mentioned Bernini, 60 fr.; Dumoustier, 85 fr.; Géricault, 265 fr.; Palladio, 105 fr.; Germain Pilon, 200 fr.; Beethoven, 124 fr.; Mozart, 430 fr.; Rameau, 70 fr.; Schubert, 61 fr. Among the travellers, Cook, 27 fr.; Lapeyrouse, 20 fr.; Livingstone, 45 fr. The sale of autographs realised 18,000 fr. The books were very well sold. A copy of the five books on Surgery of Ambroise Paré (Paris: Wechel, 1572), purchased by Boilly at a book-stall for 2 fr., sold for 88 fr. The whole, 48,000 fr.

A VALUABLE paper on the history of the Mediaeval Jews of York is contributed by Mr. Robert Davies to Parts 11 and 12 of the *Yorkshire Archaeological and Topographical Journal*, which have just been issued. Other articles are: "On a Window representing the Life and Miracles of William of York," by Mr. James Fowler; and "The Monasteries of S. Hein and S. Hild," by Rev. D. H. Haigh.

WE have received Alzog's *Manual of Universal Church History*, trans. Pabisch and Byrne, Vol. I. (Cincinnati: Clarke; London: Lockwood); Gladstone's *Vatican Decrees*, trans. Oger (Bruxelles: Lebaigue; London: Hachette); Cook's *Tourist's Handbook to Northern Italy* (Hodder & Stoughton); *An Elementary Treatise on the Integral Calculus*, by B. Williamson (Longmans); *The Upper Ten Thousand*, compiled by A. B. Thom (Routledge); *Music*, by H. C. Banister, Third Edition, revised (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.); *Gesammelte Werke von Adolf Stahr*, Bde. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, "Ein Jahr in Italien," 4^{te} Auflage (Berlin: Guttentag; London: Williams & Norgate).

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

OUR announcement that Captain Seymour would be second in command of the Arctic Expedition was premature; and we now understand that the appointment has not yet been made. Commander Markham is appointed to the Expedition, but it is not decided whether he will be second in command, or second in Captain Nares's ship. This causeless delay is most injurious to the interests of the Expedition. The lieutenants have been well selected from the pick of the navy. Lieutenants Aldrich and Giffard have served with Captain Nares, Lieutenants Beaumont, May, and Parr with Commander Markham. Lieutenant Rawson did very distinguished service in the naval brigade of the Kumasi expedition, and Lieu-

tenants Fulford and Archer are known as promising officers.

It is most important that really good men of first-rate ability and experience in the field should be selected to accompany the Arctic Expedition as the scientific staff. The most essential qualification is, beyond dispute, a thorough knowledge of geology, especially in its bearings on ice action and other Arctic phenomena. The work of collecting, both as regards fauna and flora, could well be entrusted to one good naturalist; but the investigations connected with geology require the undivided attention of one man of experience in such work. It is rumoured that this indispensable consideration has been overlooked in the recommendation made by the Royal Society, but the appointments are not yet officially approved, and we trust that a matter on which the success of the Expedition depends will not be overlooked by the Admiralty.

A MANUAL for the use of the Arctic Expedition is in course of preparation by a committee of the Royal Geographical Society. It was considered very important that the officers should be furnished with the exact state of present knowledge respecting Greenland and the surrounding seas, beyond what can be obtained from published books. For instance, there are many most valuable papers buried in the transactions of societies, and much information, scattered broadcast, which requires to be sought out and brought together. Admiral Collinson will, we believe, at last give the results of his careful and valuable observations during his Arctic voyage, the utilisation of which has been so long delayed, to the great regret of all who know the attainments and conscientious care always bestowed on his work by that distinguished officer. Papers by Rink, Irminger, and Wrangell will be reprinted; as well as those on the physics of Arctic ice, and on the formation of fiords by Dr. Robert Brown, carefully revised; and Dr. Brown will also prepare abstracts from the valuable papers in Danish, by Dr. Rink; Mr. Markham's papers on the origin and migrations of the Greenland Eskimos; Dr. Simpson's on the Tusk; and lists of places in Greenland, with native names and meanings, vocabularies, and similar useful materials, will also be included in the Manual.

At the suggestion of the Council of the Geographical Society, a Manual having reference to geology, and to the fauna and flora, will also be undertaken under the superintendence of the Arctic Committee of the Royal Society, which is to be edited by Mr. Rupert Jones, with the active assistance of Dr. Robert Brown, who has made a special study of these subjects, as regards Greenland, for many years, and has several times undertaken voyages to that country for scientific purposes.

AN account of the most important geographical discovery yet achieved by any of the explorers despatched beyond the frontier of India by Major Montgomerie, will appear in the forthcoming annual report of the superintendent of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. The journey was made in 1872, by a young man, a semi-Tibetan, who had received careful previous training. He reached the Tibetan town of Shigatze, crossed the Brahmaputra, and ascended one of its northern affluents to its source, thus ascertaining the exact position of the watershed of the Brahmaputra valley, which he crossed at an elevation of 17,000 feet above the sea. He thus reached the great lake Tengri-nor, and achieved a geographical discovery of the very first importance, for that lofty sheet of water, receiving the drainage of a vast region, has never before been visited by any explorer in any way connected with Europeans. It has long been placed vaguely on our maps, solely on the authority of the Chinese cartographers of the last century. The bold explorer was robbed by a band of thieves near the

banks of the lake, but he succeeded in reaching Lhasa, and returned safely to the head-quarters of the Great Trigonometrical Survey. His observations have since been worked out, and the results are very satisfactory. We believe that the next attempt will be to traverse the country from Lhasa, by way of the Kokonor, to Sinning in China.

LIEUTENANT CONDER has made a special survey and plan on an enlarged scale of Tell Jezer and the adjacent country, where M. Clermont-Ganneau discovered the inscriptions of the boundary of Gezer. It appears that the inscriptions are 480 feet apart in a line pointing some twelve or thirteen degrees out of the direct north-west line. They do not lie in any road or highway, which is probably the reason of their preservation. On the north and west of the Tell it is hopeless to expect to find anything, because the soil is alluvial and ploughed over every year. No other inscription has been found in the south. The impossibility of finding a point in the Tell from which to measure distances makes it at present hopeless to use this discovery as a means of clearing up the difficulties connected with Levitical boundaries. There are in all four inscriptions, lying nearly in a line. The first two, found by M. Ganneau, have the well-known Greek and Hebrew characters; the third consists of four Arabic characters; the fourth, found by Dr. Chaplin, contains two letters only, which may be Hebrew. Lieutenant Conder's report on the whole subject is accompanied by photographs taken by Lieutenant Kitchener.

A MONUMENT has been at last erected to Captain Cook, on the spot where he was killed in Kealekua Bay (Sandwich Islands). The *Honolulu Gazette* of Nov. 25 gives the details of its inauguration. The monument consists of an elevated obelisk, with square base, in all twenty-seven feet high. It is placed at the water's edge, about two paces from the block of lava upon which the great captain was standing when he received his mortal wound. On the basement is inscribed:—"In memory of the great circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, R.N., who discovered these islands the 18th January, 1778, and was killed near this spot the 14th February, 1779. This monument was erected in November, in the year of grace 1874, by some of his fellow-countrymen."

DR. PETERMANN announces in his *Mittheilungen* that Captain Prshewalski's zoological collections, made during his journey in Kansu, Mongolia, and the Ordos country, have been bought by the Emperor of Russia for 10,000 roubles, and presented by him to the Museum of the Academy of Sciences. The collection is considered by competent judges to be a most valuable one, and it comprises some rare specimens of yaks (*Bos grunniens*), mountain sheep (*Ovis Poli*), wild asses and musk oxen, beside a varied assortment of birds and insects, the fishes being but few in number.

THE German papers announce that the expedition to Equatorial Africa, under the command of Captain von Homeyer, has left Lisbon for its destination on the Loanda coast. The Portuguese Ministry, as well as the King and his father, the ex-King Ferdinand of Portugal, have shown the greatest readiness in promoting the scientific efficiency of the intended expedition by every means in their power; and Captain von Homeyer has been officially informed that orders have been transmitted from head-quarters to the Governor-General of Angola to afford all possible protection and assistance to the German explorers, while he has received a formal exemption for himself and his companions and attendants from all duties and taxes in Loanda.

MR. H. H. ARMSTEAD, sculptor, has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

THE LATE CANON KINGSLEY.

CANON KINGSLEY, who died last Saturday, was not an old man; he was only born in 1819, and yet he seems already to belong to ancient history; all his most characteristic activity was of a kind to fall more or less into the shade after the crisis which was determined by the almost simultaneous publication of *Essays and Reviews*, the *Origin of Species*, and Mr. Mill's essay *On Liberty*. "Muscular Christianity" was really a way of saying that for people who want a cheerful bracing creed it is a good thing to be Optimists, and that the most cheerful and credible form of Optimism was an anthropomorphic theism guaranteed by Christianity as understood by the late Mr. Maurice, and of course such future as it had was destroyed by the events which have made it increasingly difficult to follow the wholesome propensity of men to find an opinion true as soon as it is shown to be edifying. Perhaps the extent to which "Muscular Christianity" is to be regretted may be measured by the fact that the two works in which the theory receives the most complete and artistic expression are *Perseus and Andromeda*, and the *Water Babies*. The first, much the most musical and readable poem ever written in English hexameters, sets forth the value of anthropomorphism as an advance on Nature worship; the second is a very fresh and graceful attempt to turn science into a fairy tale and read ethical lessons into it. The best of the later novels is probably *Westward Ho!* though something might be said in favour of *Hypatia*, a very telling pamphlet in spite of its anachronisms. But Canon Kingsley will be remembered longest by *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, the works of his "Sturm und Drang" period as "the Chartist Parson," before he had found a solution for everything. They are too bizarre to be permanently popular, but bizarre as they are, they are unmistakably powerful, and probably did much in their day to loosen the crust of callous prejudice into which the self-complacency of the comfortable classes always tends to harden. If everyone had worked as hard as Canon Kingsley to remedy the grievances which once excited him, it could not be said that he was premature in ceasing to be a revolutionist. As it was, the way that he accepted the shallow enthusiasm at the time of the Crimean War as a proof of national soundness and unity, did more credit to his generosity than his judgment. Perhaps it was a still higher proof of his generosity, as well as of his indomitable energy, that his ceasing to be in any sense a leader made no difference to his activity: beside a really beautiful study on the Hermits, published in 1867, and a pleasant boys' book based on Hereward's Saga in 1866, he wrote several volumes of Carlyle's lectures on History, and several volumes of travel and popular science full of vivid pictures and wholesome counsel, to say nothing of sermons and earlier works like *Lectures on the School of Alexandria*, and *Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*, a Platonic Dialogue on the thesis that Christianity is important if true; and the *Saint's Tragedy*, a touching misrepresentation of the story of St. Elisabeth of Hungary. G. A. SIMCOX.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT AT BATH.

"1800.—The Misses Lee, the authors of *Camterbury Tales*, &c., resided at Belvedere House, Bath, where they had a school for young ladies; in it they were succeeded by the Misses Whitaker, who had been their pupils. One of the Whitakers married Mr. Broadhurst, the minister of Trim Street Chapel. Another sister married Mr. Holland, of Knutsford. Mr. Holland is father to Mr. Henry Holland, a young man of extraordinary talent, author of the *Agricultural Survey of Cheshire*, and who is now about to go to Edinburgh to complete his studies as a physician [the late Sir Henry Holland]. The Misses Lee now reside in the

neighbourhood of Piercefield. Their father is thought to have been a player; they have a brother in Yorkshire. Harriet and Sophia are living—Ann, the youngest, destroyed herself by hanging at their house in Hatfield Place, to which they retired on leaving Belvedere House.

"1814. Oct. 11.—Drank tea to-day with Mrs. Grose, a Scotchwoman—first married to Lieut.-Col. Patterson, whose portrait she has, a fine-looking military man. He published a volume of travels in the interior of the Southern part of Africa. He was at New South Wales at nearly the first settling of the colony, if not at the very first; this lady was with him. She shared with him all the misery to which the first settlers were exposed, and was afterwards with him when he was appointed to form the settlement upon Norfolk Island. She describes it as a small island, 1,000 miles from Sydney, so small that it is possible to sit in the centre and see the ocean all round. The scheme was given up, principally owing to the want of harbours and anchorage for vessels. She was afterwards with Col. Patterson when he was employed by government to form a settlement on the north side of Van Diemen's Land in Bass's Straits. Of all these settlements she has drawings and many other documents relating to them, and conveys her information in a pleasing, correct and lively manner.

"Col. Patterson died on his passage home. She married for her second husband General Grose, who had been Governor of New South Wales. This General Grose was son to the noted Captain Grose. The family came from Hanover with George I. General Grose died very suddenly soon after their marriage. Mrs. Grose is about fifty-five, and lives in respectable style in Edward Street. Our party consisted of Mr. Wright, Mr. John Godfrey Wright and Mrs. Pierson, who is a niece to the Mr. Murray who married the widow of Sir Butler Cavendish Wentworth of North, Elmsall, Bart.

"Oct. 16.—Dined to-day at Mr. George Jones', a Monmouthshire gentleman, but who has lived for some time partly at Bath and partly at Arncliffe, a sweet place between Bath and Bristol. The party consisted of his own family and three or four visitors, inmates; Mr. Geebold, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, of the Grammar School; Major and Mrs. Hipplesley and Major Davis. The latter was gouty, and being in pain was not so much disposed to chat as usual, but was communicative and entertaining. It is on his account that the day comes to be mentioned here. He and Bishop Horsley married two sisters. When Horsley was made a bishop, he wished his brother-in-law to take orders. He declined, he said, for two reasons, which he plainly told the Bishop: one was the Athanasian Creed; the other the declaration that he was called of God, when it was plain to himself that he was called only by convenience. He heard one of Dr. Parr's sermons before the Lords, along with Dr. Priestley. He asked H. how he liked it, who said the beginning was good, but the conclusion d—d bad. Dr. P. said it was all good, but he thought politics were rather out of their proper place. Said Dr. P. did him the honour to invite him to Hackney to hear his farewell sermon. Lord Thurlow and Horsley first met at Lord Weymouth's. Did not believe Lord Thurlow ever read either Priestley's Tracts or Horsley's, but Dr. Wilson, his chaplain, did. Said Horsley was fitter to be a cornet of dragoons than a bishop.

"When he was a student at Woolwich, the King was present at a trial of a newly invented piece of ordnance, whose powers were dreadful. It was made by General Desaguliers. The King praised the ingenuity of the invention, but declared that so murderous an instrument should never be first used by his subjects. This Major Davis heard the King say, and in consequence of it the piece was thrown aside. He reminded his Majesty of it about six years ago, who recollected it perfectly well.

"Major Davis, then only Captain Davis, was confidentially employed by our Government in Paris, and indeed in France, to transmit intelligence concerning the French fortresses, army, &c., about the years 1788, 1789, 1790. When the Bastille was besieged, he was the person who commanded the ordnance. He saw De Launay brought out dead. The reason he was chosen for this purpose was, that no Frenchman was equal to it.

"He travelled with Mirabeau from the Hague to Berlin. He described M. as a man from whom a vast deal was to be gained. Mentioned one saying of Mirabeau's, 'Our Red Book is properly so called, for the outside blushes for the contents.'

"Who is this Princess of Salms, whom the Duke of Cumberland is to marry? is a question every one has been asking, and no one is able to answer. Major Davis gave us the history. She was of our Queen's family, and intended consort for a prince of Prussia. She came to Berlin, but that prince died before consummation. The Duke of Cumberland wished to have her. She was young and beautiful. The King his father wished the matter to be delayed. It was then it appeared that she was pregnant by a Major of Dragoons, a married man. When the King heard of it, he made the man Prince of Salms, a small town of his dominions; insisted upon his marrying the lady. The ceremony was immediately performed, and as soon as it was over he was seized by a file of musketeers who told him he was their prisoner, and that he must go to Spandau to confinement; where he ended his days, if he be dead. A divorce immediately followed the marriage on the ground of his previous engagement.

"I have since been told that it is proper to take the relations of Major Davis *cum grano salis*.

"1815. Jan. 10.—Dined tête-à-tête with Mr. John Gilbert Cooper. This gentleman is about sixty years of age, a handsome, gentlemanly old man. He is son to John Gilbert Cooper, author of the *Life of Socrates*, &c. He told me his father was a professed unbeliever, and even an atheist or very near it; that he was himself educated without any principles of religion, and continued till about two years ago to be without any regard to affairs of this kind. . . .

"Mr. Cooper has lived much abroad. He spent several years in France, living sometimes at St. Germain, and sometimes at Amiens. Thurgarton Priory, his Nottinghamshire seat, is in the hands of a tenant. His fortune has been injured by the extravagance of his son or sons, of whom he has two or three. He has lately had an addition to it by the bequest of a Mr. Gardiner, who has enjoinied him to take that name in addition to his own. The family were originally Gilberts of Locko, and took the name of Cooper when they succeeded to Thurgarton. Mr. Cooper came to live at Bath about 1811, when he took a house in Park Street, where he had a daughter Josepha Cooper living with him. In 1813 she married Mr. Daniel Lysons, rector of Rodmorton.

"He related a curious anecdote of Bishop Watson. When Mr. Cooper was a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, there was a contested election in the University. As he was going up to vote at the Senate House, Watson was with him. Watson said to him, 'You see what may be done here. I came from a school in the North in blue stockings, to be a servitor—servitors, Sir, in those days used to wait behind your backs: and I am now Divinity Professor (with other offices), and by G—, they shall make me a Bishop.'

[The epigram on the Bishop's success in procuring a public-house to be put down which was near his own, the sign of which was Bishop Blaize, is well known—

"Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
No maxim e'er was juster;
They've put down Bishop Blaize, d'ye see?
And set up Bishop Bluster."]

"Sunday, Feb. 5.—Dr. Hayward is the son of

a clergyman who had a living in Lancashire. He was many years a practising surgeon of eminence at Hackney. He gave up practice about fifteen years ago; had a diploma and resided for a short time at Taunton. Has been about ten years living at Bath. Is about seventy-six, and has now quite lost his sight. He is a man of great extent and accuracy of information, of a lively cheerful disposition. One of his sons was the Mr. Thomas Hayward who was a midshipman on board the *Bounty*, and the first person put by the mutineers into the launch. He came home with Lieut. Bligh. In 1790 he was appointed third lieutenant of the *Pandora*, sent to seize the mutineers. The *Pandora* was wrecked on her return on the north of New Holland, but the bulk of the crew after nineteen days of great suffering arrived in their boats at Timor. In December, 1796, he was appointed commander of the *Swift*, and in July, 1797, captain of the *Resistance* of forty-four guns, and in a few days to the *Trident* of sixty guns, but was lost before he joined either ship in the *Swift*. . . . Dr. Hayward's family consists of two unmarried daughters at home, Mary and Charlotte. He has many other children—one son in the Commissariat department, another in a public office at Portsmouth; one daughter is married to a surgeon at Hackney, another is the widow of Mr. Stoqueler, formerly a broker in London.

"Mr. William Henry Douce is generally of the doctor's party. He was formerly an attorney in London, and is brother to Francis Douce, F.S.A., late of the British Museum. He retired from his profession to Bath about the year 1800. He has a wife, one son and one daughter. The son is placed in the clothing business along with Mr. Nash at Tiverton. Mr. Douce has a turn for collecting books, prints, and rarities. He is about sixty, an agreeable, worthy man.

"1815. Aug. 31.—Mr. Broadhurst told me that he had lately been visiting Mr. Bowles, the sonneteer, who has a living near Calne. While there he met Mr. Coleridge, who was staying with a Mr. Morgan, of Calne. Coleridge's family are, it seems, almost wholly supported by Southey. He is himself much given to talking and to drinking. For the former some excuse may be made, for he has much to say. He talks incessantly. He has no visible means of livelihood.

"Met the same day Dr. Crawford at Mrs. Percival's. He says that Sheridan is now living, or rather drinking, in London; that Whitbread told his lady about seven o'clock on his last morning that he had passed a most uncomfortable night. She advised him to try what walking about would do for him. He got up and almost immediately cut his throat. If he had not risen earlier than was usual, the catastrophe might have been prevented.

"1816.—The whole world talks of Lord Byron; all blame him and say he has lost the only chance still afforded him of reforming his character, and being respectable and happy. Doubtless much falsehood is abroad, and among it may be the report that in a drunken fit he so far forgot himself as to strike his lady. Less problematical is it that Mrs. — the actress has succeeded to the possession of his Lordship's affections.

"1818. April 18.—Sir William Cockburn, Bart., who married the cousin and co-heiress of Sir Clement Brydges and Sir Charles Jacob, has just given me the following account of his wife's uncle, Dr. Jacob, the author of the *Peerage*—that he was brought up in terms of the closest intimacy with his relative the third Duke of Chandos (to whose father he dedicates the *Peerage*). He had a family living at Batcombe in Somersetshire, was a prebendary in the Cathedral of Rochester, and Chaplain to the King. His present Majesty promised the Duke of Chandos a bishopric for him, but after the death of his wife Dr. Jacob's conduct became dissipated and irregular, which induced the Duke to withdraw his patronage, and to decline

a mitre for his relative when the King offered to fulfil his engagement. There were rumours that Batcombe was sequestered, and the Duke determined to enquire upon the spot. Dr. Jacob was high, and refused to give the Duke any satisfactory accounts. This produced the breach; but the Duke attended Dr. Jacob's funeral, and took his three children to Chandos House, with the intention of providing for them. The eldest was a little insane; the younger had an office in the household worth one way and the other about 1,300*l.* a year, which was all his support. The sister married General Dun, and had no issue.

"1818. May 7.—Dr. Steuart Cumming, a Scotchman who has been about twenty-three years in the medical department of the army, told me that he knows for certain that the author of *Waverley* and the other romances of the same hand is Greenfield, who succeeded Dr. Blair as lecturer on rhetoric and the *belles lettres* in the University of Edinburgh. This man was guilty of a crime which makes his name odious, and escaped prosecution by flight. He has since lived in close retirement in Northumberland. His family have taken the name of Rutherford, their mother's maiden name, and Dr. Cumming tells me that he knows that 3,000*l.* was settled by the father very lately upon each of his daughters out of the profits of those works. His correspondence with the printers was through Walter Scott.

"He also told me that Wardlaw of Glasgow was originally a draper in a town in Scotland where Dr. Cumming has property; and that Dr. Chalmers was at one time an itinerant lecturer in natural philosophy and a professed unbeliever.

"1818. May 8.—Spent great part of the day with the Rev. John Skinner, rector of Camerton. Mr. Skinner, like his great namesake, has applied himself much to etymology. He is now engaged in very extensive researches after the Roman remains in his parish. The Fosse way passes through it; and in the fields on each side Roman coins have been often turned up. He has had several men at work in these fields for some time past, who have laid bare the foundations of ten or twelve Roman houses, and have discovered a great many fibulae, coins, &c. Of the latter forty or fifty a day. Yesterday they found ninety, not in hoards, but dispersed. A hoard of six-and-twenty silver coins was found. Mr. Skinner keeps an exact account of each day's discovery, with drawings of the more interesting subjects. Many specimens of Roman pottery are found. The coins are in perfect series, from Drusus and Augustus to the last of the Emperors who possessed an authority in Britain; and coins which from their rude workmanship Mr. S. conceives to have been struck by the Britons in imitation of the Roman pieces.

"It is remarkable that the foundation of one of the houses extends under the Fosse."

J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature and Art.

- BOUILLEVAUX, C. E. *L'Annam et le Cambodge*. Paris: Palmé.
FOUQUIERES, L. *Beq de. Documents nouveaux relatifs à André Chénier, &c.* Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAGELLAN, First Voyage round the World by. Translated from the Accounts of Pigafetta, &c. Edited by Lord Stanley of Alderley. Hakluyt Society.
RAWLINSON, Sir H. *England and Russia in the East*. Murray.
REHNBAYE, R. and S. *A Century of Painters of the English School*. Smith, Elder & Co. 2*l.*
SAINTE-BEVUE, C. A. *Premiers Lundis*. T. 2. Paris: Michel Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHLEIMANN, H. *Troy and its Remains: a Narrative of Discoveries and Researches made on the Site of Ilium and in the Trojan Plain*. Ed. P. Smith. Murray.

Theology.

- HANDBUCH des biblischen Alterthums. [In parts.] Herausgeber, E. Riehm. Bielefeld: Velhagen und Klasing.
KATNER, A. *Das vorexilische Buch der Urgeschichte Israels*. [Pentateuch criticism.] Straßburg: F. Schmidt.
VOLKMAN, G. *Paulus Römerbrief*. Zürich: Schabelitz. Mark 4.80.

History.

- CAPPONI, G. *Storia della repubblica di Firenze*. Milano: Brigola.
DUVAL, L. *Archives révolutionnaires du département de la Creuse (1789-1794)*. Guéret: imp. Betoulle. 10 fr.

FOUQUET, H. *Histoire civile, politique et commerciale de Rouen, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours*. 1^{re} livr. Rouen: Métairie. 1 fr. 25 c.

LECOY DE LA MARCHE, A. *Le Roi René, sa vie, son administration, ses travaux artistiques et littéraires*. Paris: Firmin Didot.

LOHMERS, P. *John Knox and the Church of England*. A Monograph, founded upon several important papers of Knox, never before published. King. 12*s.*

MERREAU, C. *Souvenirs de l'hôtel de ville de Paris, 1848-1852*. Paris: Pion.

MONOD, G. *Jules Michelet*. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher.

PATTISON, Mark. *Isaac Casaubon, 1559-1614*. Longmans, 18*s.*

RANKE, L. v. *A History of England, principally in the seventeenth century*. Clarendon Press.

TAILLANDIER, Saint-René. *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Allemagne. Origines du nouvel empire, d'après la correspondance de Frédéric-Guillaume IV. et du Baron de Bunsen, 1847-1857*. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

WALLON, H. *Saint Louis et son siècle*. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.

ZUNZ, J. M. *Ir Ha-Zedek. Geschichte der Krakauer Rabbinat vom Anfang d. 16. Jahrhunderts bis auf die Gegenwart, als Beitrag zur Geschichte der Juden in Polen*. Berlin: Benzin.

Physical Science.

BAILLON, H. *Histoire des Plantes*. T. 5. Paris: Hachette. 25 fr.

KINAHAN, G. H. *Valleys and their relation to Fissures, Fractures, and Faults*. Trübner.

REICHENBACH, H. G. *Xenia orchidacea. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der Orchideen*. 2. Bd. 10. Hft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 2*g* Thl.

SPOERER, G. *Beobachtungen der Sonnenflecken zu Anclam*. Leipzig: Engelmann. 15 Thl.

Philology.

AHRENS, H. L. *Disquisitio etymologica Ἀλῶν u. Villa*. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HOLZMANN, A. *Altdesutsche Grammatik, umfassend die goth., altnord., altsächs., angelsächs. u. althochdeutsche Sprache*. 1. Bd. 2. Abth. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 2 M.

ROHR, A. *De Philolai Pythagorae fragmento περὶ ψυχῆς*. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 20 Pf.

ROSNY, L. de. *San tsai tou hoed. Les peuples de l'Indo-Chine et des pays voisins. Notices ethnographiques traduits du chinois*. Paris: Maisonneuve. 2 fr. 50 c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR OLDEST MANUSCRIPT, AND WHO MUTILATED IT.

Oxford: Jan. 25, 1875.

I must crave permission to make some remarks in explanation and reply to Mr. Renouf on the above. In explanation first. It is a misprint that makes me say, "Of this MS. alone, called ancient by Dionysius Exiguus." The latter clause has slipped out of place, and should have come earlier in the paragraph. What I wrote was, "That of the *Prisca Versio*, called ancient by Dionysius Exiguus," &c. My thanks are due to Mr. Renouf for enabling me to correct this; but then as "to the fact," which he supposes "has escaped my observation," in connexion with the date of the MS. itself, if he will be so good as to refer to my words a few lines on, he will see that I distinctly confine myself in this paper to the characteristics and contents of "*Vol. II.*" as I have called it—at any rate, that volume which alone contains the *Prisca Versio*. Mr. Renouf adds that I am "mistaken in talking of the *Prisca Versio* of the Sardinian canons." Let not Mr. Renouf be too sure of that. It is a moot question in spite of what Dionysius says—and what I have quoted him as saying, too—whether the Sardinian canons were published in Greek, or Latin, or both. The fact of their being included in the *Prisca Versio* rather indicates that, as they stand there, they were translated, like the rest in this volume, by its author from a Greek version. However, I am not aware that I have committed myself to anything beyond the fact that the author of this version, or at any rate the transcriber of this MS., reckons them at twenty, not twenty-one. I shall not pursue this point further now, but some day I trust to be able to convince Mr. Renouf that their genuineness in any form must be abandoned.

Next, as to Dr. Maassen. I have possessed his latest work for more than a year; and after writing my paper, carefully went through all he says about this MS. to see whether his account of it varied from my own. And the result was that I left my own unaltered. I am quite aware of the copies of the *Bibliotheca Juris Canonici* possessed by the Bodleian Library, and of the one

to which he refers in particular. But this copy contains more than Dr. Maassen gives it credit for containing, and thereby disposes of his conclusion.

Mr. Renouf says: "There is not a particle of reason for doubting the strict accuracy of Baluze's narrative." But then, in the next breath, he propounds a theory of his own to invalidate the very reasons which I had assigned for doubting it—"a mistake of Baluze, who confounds the MS. now in the Bodleian with another MS. of C. Justel." . . . And then: "I cannot help it if Pietro Ballerini was also misled by Baluze." Will Mr. Renouf be so good as to tell me where this other MS. of C. Justel is to be found. I have been looking them up with some care, and can find no other of his MSS. mentioned anywhere to which De Marca can be supposed to refer in either of the passages I have quoted from him, but this. Besides, this is not the *only* MS. which the Ballerini deliberately charge him with having misrepresented to their knowledge. Father Jones in the *Month* contends that the description, characterised by me as false, relates not to this MS., but to the collection. But how can this consist with the fact that De Marca doubted of the existence of such a collection till he had seen, and then only knew of in, this MS.? In conclusion, Mr. Renouf says: "The great question between the Justels and De Marca referred entirely to the rightful position of the Sardinian decrees." I admit this is the account given of it by De Marca himself; but for this we want confirmation from other quarters, it being his own truthfulness that is impeached. It was his pen that traced what the editors of the *Bibliotheca* were required to say in their preface; and of this, the part relating to the missing leaves, "vetustate perierunt," was absolutely false on his own showing. EDMUND S. FFOULKES.

THE HERMIT OF RED COATS GREEN.

Belfast.

In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* Mr. Mortimer Collins says:—

"It may be interesting to note that I was told by the late George Holder that Charles Dickens employed him to see this eccentric person and report on him, and that he never himself visited him."

As this is an old story which has been going about for years, and if true would not be very creditable to the veracity of Mr. Dickens, perhaps you will allow me to state in your columns that it is entirely untrue.

There is now before me a private letter from Charles Dickens, which I copy:—

"London: Twenty-seventh March, 1862.

"My dear Mr. Finlay,

"As you sent me your paper with that very cool account of myself in it, perhaps you want to know whether or no it is true. There is not a syllable of truth in it. I have never seen the person in question but once in my life, and then I was accompanied by Lord Orford, Mr. Arthur Helps, the Clerk of the Privy Council, my eldest daughter, and my sister-in-law; all of whom know perfectly well that nothing of the sort passed. It is a sheer invention of the wildest kind.

"Faithfully yours ever,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

That I may not be said to have made unauthorised use of a private letter, I copy, from another letter of the 31st of the same month, the following passage:—

"My dear Mr. Finlay,

"Make what use you like of my note. The custom of astonishingly audacious assertion that is gradually expanding in print cannot be too decisively 'put down.'

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

The "very cool account" of himself was a letter from "A County Down Lady," published in *The Northern Whig* on March 24, 1862, in which she gave an account of a visit to "Tom

Tiddler's Ground" and an interview with "Mr. Mopes," the leading character in Mr. Dickens's story. The lady gave a very graphic sketch of the "Hermit," and closed with these sentences:—

"Charles Dickens offended him terribly. He pretended he was a Highlander, and Mr. Lucas at once began to question him about the country, and then spoke to him in Gaelic, which he could not reply to. Mr. Lucas said to him, 'Sir, you are an impostor; you are no gentleman.'"

This Mr. Dickens declares to be "a sheer invention of the wildest kind" (letter of March 27, 1862); and he proceeds to state the names of those who were present when he had with the "Hermit" the now famous interview.

FRANK FINLAY.

The Editor will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, Jan. 30,	3 p.m.	Physical: Dr. A. Schuster on "Electrical Theories;" Mr. C. Baker on "An Optical Bench."
"	"	Royal Institution: Mr. J. T. Wood on "The Discovery of the Temple of Diann, &c., at Ephesus."
"	"	Crystal Palace Concert (Beethoven's Mass in C).
"	"	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall (Billow).
MONDAY, Feb. 1,	2 p.m.	Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
"	4.30 p.m.	Musical Association: Mr. C. E. Stephens on "The Fallacies of Dr. Day's Theory of Harmony."
"	5 p.m.	London Institution: Professor Ferrier on "Functions of the Brain," I.
"	"	Entomological.
"	8 p.m.	British Architects. Medical.
"	"	Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture VI.
"	"	Monday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall (Billow, Norman-Néruda).
TUESDAY, Feb. 2,	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: Mr. E. Ray Luncheon.
"	8 p.m.	Civil Engineers: Professor Prestwich on "The Origin of the Chesil Bank."
"	"	Society of Arts. Pathological.
"	"	Royal Albert Hall: Orchestral Concert (Wilhelmj).
"	8.30 p.m.	Zoological.
"	"	Biblical Archaeology: the Rev. A. H. Sayce on "Human Sacrifice among the Babylonians;" Herr F. J. Lüth on "The Date of the Nativity."
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 3,	8 p.m.	Microscopical: Anniversary.
"	"	Pharmaceutical. Obstetrical.
"	"	Society of Arts.
"	"	Mr. H. Holmes's Fifth Musical Evening, St. George's Hall.
THURSDAY, Feb. 4,	3 p.m.	Royal Institution: Professor Tyndall on "Subjects connected with Electricity."
"	6.30 p.m.	Royal Society Club.
"	7 p.m.	London Institution: Dr. Zeffi on "The Grotesque in Indian Art."
"	8 p.m.	Linnean.
"	8.30 p.m.	Royal. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, Feb. 5,	4 p.m.	Archaeological Institute.
"	7.30 p.m.	Geologists' Association.
"	"	Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall (Mendelssohn's <i>Athalie</i> , &c.).
"	8 p.m.	Royal Institution: Weekly Evening Meeting. 9 p.m. Mr. James Dewar on "The Physiological Action of Light."
"	"	Philological: Professor J. B. Mayor on <i>Rhythm</i> II.

SCIENCE.

RIBOT ON HEREDITY.

Heredity; a Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences. From the French of Th. Ribot, Author of "Contemporary English Psychology." (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1875.)

It may be affirmed with much truth that if we wish to learn what pursuit ranks highest in public opinion, we shall find it in the career of those men to whom statues are

erected by public subscription. It happened that the writer of these lines not long since revisited Cambridge, where, as he walked admiringly among the many new improvements, his eyes fell upon a recently erected bronze statue. It was the only out-of-door statue in the whole town; it occupied a commanding position in the market-place, hard by the University Church, and only a few steps from being in full sight of the Senate House. He walked reverently up to it, pondering as he went as to the manner of the man whose memory it so proudly perpetuated, and lo! it was Mr. Jonas Webb of Babraham, the famous breeder of Southdown sheep. The erection of this statue by the agriculturists of a county in whose capital a great university happens to be located, is worthy of note. It expresses their genuine appreciation of the practical application of the laws of heredity to all descriptions of farm produce, and it may be accepted as an omen that the time is near when the study of those laws and of their logical consequences shall permeate the philosophy of the university. It must do so, because there is no branch of science which refers to bodily structure or to mental aptitudes, neither is there any theological doctrine in which the theory of heredity, either directly or as one of the principal agents in evolution, can hereafter be left out of consideration.

In the course of formation of every science there has always been an embryonic or pre-scientific period. Nothing then existed but detached pieces of evidence, of an unsatisfactory kind, laxly discussed and explained by wild hypotheses. But, at length, the methods of science succeeded in catching with a firm grip some of the loose materials, then more was seized, and so, with an ever-increasing rapidity of conquest, the whole of them became gathered together within the pale of law. Heredity has at the present time developed into a science; much is definitely established, and many questions seem to require for their solution little more than direct experiment or the simple but careful collection of statistical facts. There is consequently some need of a work that shall concisely and clearly set forth what is already known, and what are the undecided questions which most urgently call for solution and might at the same time be solved by any person, who chose to devote a fair amount of intelligent and steady work to the purpose.

M. Ribot's book does not do this; it is not a work on a level with the present knowledge, but it takes us back to the pre-scientific stage of heredity. It again brings to the light old anecdotes of questionable value, and again treats with seriousness, hypotheses that have become obsolete. Speaking generally, the work is that of a partially informed and very speculative writer, and by no means that of a man of science. It is written in a somewhat pretentious style, which has the effect of making the reader believe that some great discovery is about to be announced, and of fixing his attention until he reaches the end, when the deferred hope proves never to be realised. As examples of the kind of information which he freely accepts as evidence—among the illustrations of longevity, we are told

that "a collier in Scotland prolonged his hard and dreary existence over one hundred and thirty-three years." We next have, as an example of exceedingly acute sense, a story extracted from Prosper Lucas, who was much too credulous of wonderful stories, of "Hirsch Daenemarck, a Polish Jew, who about the year 1840 travelled over Europe, showing by decisive experiments that he could read in a closed book any page or line that might be desired;" and of his son, aged ten, who "possessed this same faculty in perhaps a more remarkable degree." Curiously enough, I happen to know something about this very case, which was mentioned to me two years ago as an avowed instance of extraordinary memory. The subject of hereditary memory was and is of interest to me, and I therefore wrote to a very eminent and learned Jew, to whom I was referred for information. His reply lies before me: I do not repeat the names in his letter, as I did not ask permission to do so. This is an extract from it: "The feat to which you allude was performed by a Jewish rabbi, whose name, I think, was Hirsch Norwegen, who was popularly called the 'Sihah-Pole'—i.e., the Talmud Pole ('Sihah' being composed of the initial letters of the Hebrew words meaning 'the six sections' of the Talmud), and who, travelling through the principal parts of Europe about the year 1348, astonished even such men as—in Berlin, —in Prague, and—in Padua. He was not only able to tell the words which a pin thrust through one leaf in any part of the Talmud would pass on the next, but on any number of subsequent leaves." In fact, he had learnt the enormous work (thirty-six volumes) more or less by heart, through the aid of a local as well as verbal memory of wonderful power, devoted to that end only. My correspondent gave me particulars of another instance of extraordinary memory of the same kind that existed in his own family. His father, "when he was seven years old, could say by heart the whole of the Pentateuch in Hebrew, verse by verse, together with the remarks of the principal commentators, Farihi, Ebn Ezra, and Rashbam; and throughout life—he died aged seventy-seven—his knowledge of the vast Talmudical and Rabbinical literature was such that he was constantly appealed to for pointing out the sources of obscure references or allusions; and, in fact, he never seemed to forget anything—whether places, persons, facts, or ideas—with which he had once become acquainted." I have reason to believe that a powerful memory, exact in all matters of detail, is a characteristic of the Jewish race. M. Ribot says there is a lack of evidence to prove the heredity of strong memory; on the contrary, I find it abundant. It existed, as we have just been informed, in the family of Hirsch Daenemarck, and it exists in the family of my correspondent. But to proceed with M. Ribot's book. He quotes Le Vaillant on the half-breed children of the Europeans and Hottentots, that the moral nature is always determined by the father. When the father is a Hottentot, "the child has always the good nature and gentle and kindly affection of the father;" but, in the converse case, they have "the germs of all vices and unruly passions." (!) Again,

he quotes, apparently with perfect approval, the opinion "that there is an invariable connexion between the heredity of physical resemblance and the heredity of moral resemblance." I can only say that I have been so struck by the number of cases in which the child who had the features of either parent had *not* the character, that I should hardly be surprised if they proved to be the more numerous; but I have never as yet gone statistically into this question. Then he indulges in some absurd views about likeness descending through opposite sexes, and quotes approvingly a belief that the son is more like to his mother, and, through her, to his *grandfather*, than he is to his *father*.

The inaccuracy and feebleness of his deductions is, in many instances, very striking. Here is one which is perfectly inexcusable in a writer on heredity; he is speaking of the transmission of acquired habits, and uses an often published anecdote to prove his case. He says:—

"Habit is defined to be an acquired disposition. We ask if any purely individual habits are transmitted? Instances of this are cited. Girou de Buzareingues observes that he had known a man who had the habit, when in bed, of lying on his back and crossing the right leg over the left. One of his daughters had the same habit from birth."

The only meaning to be attached to this is, that the man had no special instinct to cross his legs, that from some cause or other he did so, that he acquired the habit of doing so, and that he transmitted this acquired habit by inheritance to his daughter. But what possible right has anyone to infer from the story, as it is told, that the man's habit was not just as instinctive as that of his daughter? Everybody who knows anything of heredity is well aware that one of the most interesting questions at the present time concerns the possibility of transmitting acquired habits. There are some few, very few, well-known instances of it in animals, but hardly any in man, while there are a vast number of other instances in which acquired habits are most assuredly not transmitted in any recognisable degree. The question is of extreme interest in its bearing upon the rate and *direction* of evolution, and therefore every bit of evidence about it deserves the closest scrutiny; but M. Ribot passes complacently on, careless and unconscious.

It is necessary to draw serious attention to the large amount of unacknowledged plagiarism which characterises this book. M. Ribot has been immensely indebted for its general design, and for very many facts, to the well-known work of Dr. Prosper Lucas, *Hérédité Naturelle*, as the reader will sufficiently recognise by comparing the two tables of contents, but I myself am aggrieved yet more directly. I find the tables and genealogies that I had compiled, after very considerable research and sifting, and which I published in *Hereditary Genius*, appropriated without a word of acknowledgment. They are clipped and condensed, and a trifling number of names are varied, but that is all, and M. Ribot thinks fit to give this plagiarised version of the families of the principal poets, painters, musicians, men of science and of literature, statesmen, and commanders, ex-

actly as if they were the fruits of his own discrimination and research. Nay worse, he mentions in three separate cases out of the whole number of them, that the genealogy of those cases was given after me, thereby implying that I had nothing to do with the rest. It is the more vexatious because he shows himself incapable of making the most of the materials he has thus conveyed to his own use, as, for example, in his tables of maternal and paternal influence, where he quotes a few cases on either side merely as anecdotes, and does not attempt to work the subject quantitatively.

The book improves towards its close, because the topics with which that portion of it deals, are more in accordance with the bent of the author's mind. He develops with effect the views that have of late become familiar to English readers, of the large part played by unconscious cerebration in intellectual acts, and in one of his best passages he ascribes genius (as I myself have lately done, in ignorance that M. Ribot had anticipated me) to a large development of that portion of the mind. He says:—

"The highest creations of the imagination spring from the unconscious. Every great inventor, artist, man of science, artificer, feels within him an inspiration, an involuntary invasion, as it were, coming out of the depths of his being, but which is, as has been said, impersonal. All that comes under consciousness is results and not processes. The difference between talent and genius is the difference between the conscious and unconscious. Artists, prophets, martyrs, mystics, all those who in any degree have felt the *furor poeticus*, have ever acknowledged their subjection to a higher power than their own *ego*, and this power is the unconscious overlapping the submerged consciousness."

The word "talent" in the above is open to objection, because it is usually understood to mean an "instinctive gift," and instinctive motives are not necessarily "conscious." The phrase ought to run "between steady brain-work and genius." I may add, that a woman's intelligence appears to have a larger proportion of the unconscious element in it than the man's, for it is notorious that she frequently arrives at just conclusions, though the only reasons she is able to assign may be eminently illogical.

Much is said in the book about free will, but nothing worthy of note is advanced. There is also an eloquent passage about the decay of the Greek genius, which is ascribed to the effects of "nature," but unhappily, the author does not even profess to understand the meaning of that phrase. He says:—

"Clearly heredity has nothing to do with this decay; but then if it is transmitted to the next generation, and if, further, the same causes go on acting in the same direction, it is equally clear that heredity in turn becomes a cause of decay."

These "ifs" and the uncertain conclusion, and the general haze that overspreads the passage, are characteristic of the author's style of reasoning.

In conclusion, I would remark, that it is usually as profitless as it is an ungracious task to pick out the defects in a man's work. Both the critic who studies it for his own information, and the reader of his criticism want, or ought to want, nothing else than to learn all of sterling worth that it contains.

But in the present instance, no choice seemed open to me but to find fault, for I laid down M. Ribot's volume after honestly reading every line of it, with a weary sense of many wasted hours.

FRANCIS GALTON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSICS.

The Theory of Mouth Organ Pipes.—The process by which the air in an ordinary mouth organ pipe is set in motion is usually represented plausibly as follows:—The current of air which issues from a narrow slit comes in contact with a sharp edge on which it breaks, producing a hissing sound which is supposed to be made up of an unlimited number of notes each with an independent pitch of its own. The air-column of the pipe selects and strengthens that particular note of the confused sound with which it can vibrate synchronously, and renders it musical. According to another view of the matter, a portion of the air which issues from the slit and strikes against the lip of the pipe is urged into the pipe, there producing a compression which reacts on the air-current and deflects it. This phenomenon is repeated periodically, the length of the air column in the pipe determining the time of a vibration. M. Sneebeil, in *Pogg. Ann.* cliii. p. 301, describes experiments which induce him to regard the production of a note in a mouth organ pipe in a different light. He considers that the air-current which issues from the slit builds there a sort of air-reed, whose action in the excitement of vibrations in the mass of air in the pipe is analogous to that of the tongue of a metal reed in an ordinary reed pipe. If the slit be adjustable and be so placed that the stream of air falls entirely on the outside of the lip, the pipe gives no sound until by pressure from without the air-formed reed is bent inwards. A similar application of external pressure is required to deflect the air-reed when the slit is so arranged that the current of air passes entirely inside the lip. In a series of letters recently published in *Nature*, Mr. Herman Smith has expressed views which appear to be in close agreement with those of M. Sneebeil.

Frigorific Effects produced by Capillarity combined with Evaporation.—Professor Decharme (*Annales de Chim. et de Phys.*, sér. v. tom. iii. p. 236) states that when a roll of bibulous paper is placed vertically with its lower extremity dipping into bisulphide of carbon, the liquid rises by capillary attraction, and after a few minutes the upper portion of the paper is covered with a layer of a white semi-crystalline substance which gradually extends downwards to within two centimètres of the surface of the liquid. The formation of this solid substance arrests the further capillary ascent of the bisulphide. The deposit was found on examination to be ice, its formation being due to the condensation of the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, brought about by the cold resulting from the evaporation of the bisulphide of carbon over an extended porous surface. The temperature of the air at the time was 20°C., but the phenomenon was equally striking at higher temperatures, and even when the bisulphide of carbon was in a state of ebullition. When the bibulous paper enveloped the bulb of a thermometer, the temperature fell from 20° to -15°. The author proposes to employ an arrangement of this kind as a hygroscope. Water in a thin test-tube may be readily solidified in this way, the test-tube being enveloped in a roll of blotting-paper the extremity of which is dipped for a moment in bisulphide of carbon; according to the size of the test-tube and the quantity of water in it (less than five centimètres in height) will the time required for the solidification vary from two minutes to half an hour. If the bisulphide contains substances in solution (e.g., sulphur, phosphorus, etc.), the same phenomenon takes place, with this exception, however, that the deposit

now contains a certain quantity of the matter dissolved. Effects similar, though not so striking, are produced when liquids with low boiling-points other than bisulphide of carbon, and when other porous solid bodies are employed.

The Freezing of Alcoholic Liquids and Wines.—The object of the experiments of M. Melsens (of which an abstract is given in the *Annales de Ch. et de Ph.* sér. v. tom. iii. p. 527) was to settle the question, about which different opinions have been expressed by observers, whether, when wine containing 10 or 12 per cent. of alcohol is frozen, the ice produced gives, on liquefaction, pure water or an alcoholic solution. According to the decisive statement of Boussingault, the ice gives, on being liquefied, an alcoholic liquid. M. Melsens, however, regards his experiments as having conclusively proved the contrary so far as the matter is of interest for practical or industrial purposes. The wine was placed in a freezing mixture, in which it became, as a whole, semi-solid. This mass consisted of a network of ice particles of pure water imprisoned in the liquid wine, like snow impregnated with coloured water. The solid particles were separated from the liquid wine by a centrifugal force turbine. In this way a large quantity of ice particles was obtained almost colourless, even when the wine operated on was red. The liquid obtained from the fusion of this ice was without taste, contained no appreciable quantity of alcohol, and only a small amount of organic matter soluble in water. The author is of opinion that the method of congelation may be efficaciously employed to improve poor wines by separating from them pure water.

Several points connected with the freezing of alcoholic solutions, incidentally noticed by M. Melsens, are very interesting, and some of them rather startling. We are somewhat startled, for instance, at learning that not only may brandy or rum be drunk (out of a wooden cup) at a temperature of thirty or thirty-five degrees below zero Centigrade without any disagreeable sensation of cold, but that even the mellowness of the beverage improves as its temperature is reduced. A paste of brandy or rum may be made at a temperature -50°C ., and is no colder on the tongue than an ordinary ice. If the temperature be pushed as low as -71°C ., the effect produced is similar to that of a spoonful of soup a little too hot.

Spectra of Metallic Solutions.—In the last published number of the *Annales de Ch. et de Ph.*, Messrs. Delachanal and Mermet describe a form of apparatus (spectro-electric tube or fulgurator) for the observation of the spectra of metallic solutions. It consists of a capillary tube traversed by a platinum wire, which moves in it with sufficient freedom to allow the liquid to flow through drop by drop. The capillary tube, surmounted by a reservoir containing the solution for examination, passes through the cork of a second larger tube placed immediately below it. Through the bottom of this latter passes the second platinum wire, the extremity of which is brought within a short distance of the extremity of the upper one, while the liquid drops between the two. The advantages claimed for this arrangement are that the spark has a fixed direction, and permits the prolonged observation of constant spectra; and secondly, that the electrodes are enclosed in a tube, and the spectroscope thus secured from chance of damage. Finally, by a special arrangement, the liquid employed is collected as it drops.

The Behaviour of Iron and Steel Bars in a Galvanic Circuit.—M. Hermann Herwig's experiments on the changes in the electric conductivity of iron and steel bars brought about by the passage of voltaic currents round and through them, and on the induction currents developed, described in *Pogg. Ann.* cliii. p. 115, are instructive and suggestive. The author first quotes and discusses the experiments of Villari (*Pogg. Ann.* cxxvi. p. 120, and cxxxvii. p. 569), who found that no change in the electric conductivity of iron

rods took place in consequence of the magnetising effect of the current in the surrounding helix. Villari also observed that when a rod of iron through which a strong current had been passed was connected in a circuit with a galvanometer, and smartly struck, the galvanometer gave evidence of an induction current in the circuit, and Wiedemann showed that a similar effect is produced when the wire is twisted instead of struck. To determine the influence on the conductivity of the bar of the transversal (magnetising) currents, M. Herwig employed a modified Kirchhoff-Wheatstone Bridge. A bar of iron 170 centimètres long and 1 centimètre thick, was balanced against a copper bar 350 centimètres long, so that no current passed through the galvanometer. When now the battery circuit was suddenly broken, a strong momentary current passed through the galvanometer, the deflection of the needle being in the direction which would have been produced by a sudden diminution of the resistance of the iron. When the battery circuit was closed again, an equal momentary current in the opposite direction was produced. These were induction currents (extra-currents). With iron bars of various thicknesses balanced against the same copper bar, it was found that the thicker the bar the stronger was the extra-current. The extra-currents in the case of steel bars were much more feeble than in the case of iron, as Villari also found in his experiments cited above, the amount of difference varying with the hardness of the steel experimented on. In general with iron and steel rods, a small continuous increase of electric resistance with the continued passage of the current—more pronounced with iron than with steel—was observed. If the bars were allowed a long rest after a current had been passed through them for some time, they returned to their original state. This increase of electric resistance was observed in a great variety of cases, care being taken to eliminate changes of resistance due to changes of temperature. The direction in which the current passes through the iron or steel bars is of importance in considering the change of resistance. The resistance is greater in the direction in which the current has been passed for a considerable time than in the opposite direction. If the above experiments be tried with copper or brass instead of iron or steel, no such phenomena as those described are exhibited.

THE news just received of the complete success of the English party for observing the Transit of Venus at Rodrigues is important, as southern stations are necessarily few, the islands being thinly scattered in a wide expanse of ocean. Both ingress and egress have been well observed at this island, which is more favourably situated than Mauritius or Bourbon; and Janssen's revolver apparatus for securing photographs at the instants of contact external and internal has worked well, nine plates, each containing sixty small photographs taken at intervals of a second, having been exposed at various phases of ingress and egress, besides fifty-eight ordinary plates. The success of the British enterprise is thus secured, independently of what has been done by other nations, even though the observations at Kerguelen Island should be lost. Ingress has been observed at the Sandwich Islands and at Rodrigues, and egress in Australia (which is practically equal to New Zealand, where the observations were unfortunately lost), and in Egypt, making two pairs of stations for comparison by Delisle's method; and, what is of very great importance, the eye observations have been supplemented by a large number of measures, near the times of contact, with Airy's double-image micrometer, the success of which has been perfect. As all nations have co-operated in the great work, it is satisfactory to find that this country has done its part well, and will be able to contribute to the general result sets of observations which are complete in themselves.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY (Saturday, January 16).

Dr. J. H. GLADSTONE, F.R.S., President, in the Chair. Mr. W. H. Perkin, F.R.S., Mr. Lemann, and Mr. W. Bottomley, were elected Members of the Society. Dr. Gladstone read a paper on "The Electrolysis of Solutions of Metallic Chlorides," by himself and Mr. Tribe. The phenomena chiefly discussed were those which take place when a voltaic circuit is formed by means of platinum, a second metal, and a solution of the chloride of the second metal. With platinum, copper, and solution of cupric chloride, the result of the action was to cause a deposition of cuprous chloride upon both the platinum and the copper. With platinum, iron, and solution of ferric chloride, there was formation of ferrous chloride in contact with both metals. When mercury and solution of corrosive sublimate were used, there was similarly deposition of calomel on the mercury as well as on the platinum. With gold in place of platinum in conjunction with mercury and solution of corrosive sublimate, mercury was reduced to the metallic state in contact with the gold, and amalgam of gold was formed.—Professor Guthrie communicated the results of further experiments on crystalline hydrates formed at temperatures below 0°C ., a class of substances termed by him *Cryohydrates*. The experiments, of which those now communicated are a continuation, were briefly reported in the ACADEMY (see report of Physical Society's meeting on November 7, 1874). Among other results, Professor Guthrie finds that in freezing-mixtures, formed by mixing pounded ice with various soluble salts, the temperature of the mixture is, within very wide limits, independent of the proportions in which the ingredients are employed, or of the conditions under which they are mixed together. He also finds that, with very few exceptions (among about thirty salts examined), the temperature of a freezing mixture formed with a given salt is identical with the temperature of solidification of the corresponding cryohydrate; and that the lower the temperature at which a cryohydrate is formed, the smaller is the number of molecules of water contained in it in combination with one molecule of salt. Experiments on the freezing of mixtures of water and alcohol in various proportions (from 5 per cent. to 30 per cent. of alcohol by weight) showed that, for low percentages of alcohol, the depression of the temperature at which congelation begins below the freezing point of pure water is nearly proportional to the quantity of alcohol present. When dilute spirit is partially frozen, the crystals first deposited are almost pure ice, so that a concentration of spirit takes place in the portion remaining liquid; but with a mixture of four molecules of water with one molecule of alcohol (corresponding nearly to 59 per cent. water and 41 per cent. alcohol), the solidified portion and what remains liquid are identical in composition. When stronger spirit is cooled sufficiently to cause freezing to take place, the frozen part contains water and alcohol in the above proportions, and the liquid part is pure alcohol. In fact, Professor Guthrie's experiments seem to show that a definite compound is formed by water and alcohol in the proportion of four molecules of water to one molecule of alcohol, and that spirit containing more alcohol than this is a solution of this compound in absolute alcohol, while that containing less alcohol is a solution of the same substance in water. The freezing point of the hydrate of alcohol in question is -34°C . It was pointed out by Dr. Dupré, in the discussion which followed Professor Guthrie's paper, that four molecules of water to one of alcohol is the proportion in which the mixture of these substances is accompanied by the greatest evolution of heat.

ASIATIC SOCIETY (Monday, January 18).

The Right Hon. Sir H. Bartle E. Frere, President, in the Chair. Mr. W. R. Cooper and Mr.

P. N. Narasimmiyengar, of Mysore, were elected members. Five distinguished foreign Oriental scholars, viz., Professor T. Benfey, of Göttingen, Professor R. Lepsius, of Berlin, M. E. Renan, of Paris, Professor W. Grigoryeff, of St. Petersburg, and Professor R. G. Bhandarkar, of Bombay, were elected honorary members. Mr. A. Grote presented two photographs of a beautiful Græco-Bactrian head, belonging to General Sir W. Baker, and obtained by him from Lord Napier of Magdala (then Colonel Napier), who found it at Peshawur. The Secretary exhibited a number of impressions taken from Sanskrit inscriptions in Kotah, and recently brought home by Captain W. S. W. Muir, of the Rajpootana Agency. A brief examination showed that several of these documents were of considerable interest, supplying as they did some fresh dates and names, chiefly of Kings of Málavá. The Secretary expressed a hope that Captain Muir would supply the Society with photographs also of these inscriptions, and thereby enable them to publish them in their Journal. Professor J. Dowson read a paper on a Bactrian Pali inscription, brought home from Takht-i-Bahi by Dr. Leitner, and now in the Lahore Museum. The document consists of six lines of writing, of which the first two, containing the name of the king and the date, are alone intelligible. The king's name and title are "Maharajasa Gunu . . . pharasa" (genitive), which in *Trübner's Record* in 1871, both Professor Dowson and General Cunningham, independently from each other, referred to Gondophares. They disagreed, however, as to the date, Professor Dowson reading it as the twenty-sixth year of the king, on the seventh day of the month Vaisákha, while General Cunningham read it as the year Samvat 103 (A.D. 43), the fourth day of Vesákh, in the twenty-sixth year of the king's reign. Professor Dowson has now taken the inscription up again, and adopts General Cunningham's interpretation of the word *samvatsara* as the Samvat era. His revised reading of the date is, "in the twenty-sixth year of the king, the year 100 of the Samvat, the third day of Vaisákha." If this is really the correct interpretation of the word *samvatsara*, the inscription would be of considerable importance, since it would show that era to have been in actual use at a much earlier period than most scholars are hitherto inclined to admit. The Report of Dr. G. Bühler on his recent examination, for the Bombay Government, of the libraries in Cambay, Limdi and Ahmedabad was then read. This brief memoir is of considerable interest to Sanskrit scholars, the examination of those collections having brought to light a number of very ancient Jaina palm-leaf manuscripts and several hitherto unknown highly important Sanskrit and Prakrit works.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY (Thursday, January 21).

A MEETING of the Numismatic Society was held at the new rooms of the Society at 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, which contrast most favourably with the dingy apartments at Gate Street, and where accommodation for the library, &c., has been secured. Papers were read—(1) Written by M. J. P. Six, of Amsterdam, on a Coin of Lykkenis, King of Paeonia, on which the king's name appears written thus, AYKKEIO. M. Six further illustrated the coinage of the kings of Paeonia, especially in the light of an inscription published in the *Ephemeris Archaeologica*, recording an alliance of Ketriporis of Thrace, Grabos of Illyria, and Lyppeios of Paeonia, against Philip II. of Macedon. (2) By Mr. Henfrey, giving some particulars with regard to the Culloden medals.

ROYAL SOCIETY (Thursday, January 21).

THE following papers were read:—"On the Origin and Mechanism of Production of the Prismatic (or Columnar) Structure of Basalt," by R. Mallet; "On the Anatomy of the Connective Tissues," by Dr. Thim.

LINNEAN SOCIETY (Thursday, January 21).

DR. G. J. ALLMAN, President, in the Chair. Dr. Hollis read a paper on the Pathology of Oak-galls. He divided oak-galls, the species of which are very numerous, and made by a variety of insects, into two classes, the unilocular and the multilocular. To the former class belong the woody marbled oak-galls, the ligneous galls of Réaumur, and the currant-galls; to the latter the spongy "oak-apple" and the "oak-spangles" of the leaves. The author described the structure and mode of development of the different kinds, entering into some detail in the case of several instances. He expressed his belief that all the different kinds, with the exception of the "spangles," are formed during the growth of the leaf, the egg being laid in the bud. The pathological differs from the healthy development in the more rapid growth of the cells and the larger size they attain, combined with a smaller amount of differentiation. The origin of the different layers of tissue in the gall itself the author believed could be traced to the different layers of the leaf which produces it. The paper was illustrated by a splendid series of specimens from the Bethnal Green Museum, lent by Mr. A. Murray. In the discussion which followed some difference of opinion was expressed as to whether it was universal for a gall to be developed from a bud; and the President called attention to the remarkable simulation by certain galls of the fruit or other organ of the plant on which they are produced. This is a phenomenon which appears at present to admit of no explanation.

ROYAL INSTITUTION (Friday, January 22).

On the Relations of English Wild Flowers to Insects. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., M.P., Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. The lecturer followed out in general the line adopted in his just published work on *British Flowers considered in Relation to Insects*. He commenced with a short history of the subject, referring in terms of warm praise especially to the labours of Sprengel, Darwin, and Müller. Sprengel pointed out the close relations which existed between flowers and insects, and the service rendered by the latter in transferring the pollen from the stamen to the pistil; but Darwin was the first to perceive that the importance of this consisted, not merely in the transference of the pollen from one organ to another, but from one plant to another. Everyone indeed knows how important flowers are to insects; everyone knows that bees, butterflies, &c., derive the main part of their nourishment from the honey or pollen of flowers, but comparatively few are aware, on the other hand, how much the flowers themselves are dependent on insects. Yet it is not too much to say that if flowers are very useful to insects, insects, on the other hand, are in many cases absolutely necessary to flowers: that if insects have been in some respects modified and adapted with a view to the acquirement of honey and pollen, flowers, on the other hand, owe their scent and colours, nay, their very existence, in their present form, to insects. Thus, the lines and bands by which so many flowers are ornamented have reference to the position of the honey; and it may be observed that these honey-guides are absent in night flowers, where they of course would not show, and would therefore be useless; as for instance, in *Lychnis vespertina*, or *Silene nutans*. Night flowers, moreover, are generally pale; for instance, *Lychnis vespertina* is white, while *Lychnis diurna*, which flowers by day, is red.

This transference of the pollen takes place in almost all species; but, while in most flowers it is effected by insects, in some cases it is simply caused by the wind. Wind-fertilised flowers, however, have no colour, no scent, and no honey. The self-fertilisation of flowers is provided against in three principal ways. Sometimes the stamens and pistil are situated in different flowers; some-

times they come to maturity at different times; sometimes they are so arranged that the pollen from the stamens could only reach the pistil with greater or less difficulty. In those plants in which the stamens and pistil are not mature simultaneously, the pistil in some cases ripens first, as in the aristolochia and arum; but in the great majority the stamens ripen before the pistil.

In illustration of the great influence which insects exercise over plants, the lecturer then called attention to those cases in which within a single genus we meet with species having large, and others with small flowers, as, for instance, in *epilobium* and *geranium*; and pointed out that the large flowers were those most dependent upon insects.

Of course these conclusions implied that insects were capable of distinguishing colours, and the lecturer then proceeded to mention some experiments which he had made, and which seemed to prove directly that this was the case. For instance, he placed some honey on a slip of glass, and put the glass on coloured paper. He then put some honey in this manner on a piece of blue paper, and when the bee had made several journeys, and thus become accustomed to the blue colour, he placed some honey in the same manner on orange paper. Then during one of the absences of the bee he transposed the two colours, leaving the honey itself in the same place as before. The bee returned as usual to the place where she had been accustomed to find the honey; but though it was still there she did not alight, but paused for a moment, and then dashed straight to the blue paper. No one, he said, who saw this bee at that moment could have had the slightest doubt of her power of distinguishing blue from orange. He mentioned one other experiment. Having accustomed a bee to come to honey on blue paper, he ranged other supplies of honey on paper of other colours, yellow, orange, red, green, black and white. Then he continually transposed the coloured paper, leaving the honey on the same spots, but the bee always flew to the blue paper wherever it might be.

Sir John then proceeded to describe a number of common flowers, and to show how beautifully they are adapted to secure and profit by the visits of insects, taking as illustrations the berberry, heath, deadnettle, salvia, sweet pea, daisy, cypripedium, &c.

He then passed on to those cases in which cross-fertilisation is secured by the relative position of the stamens and pistil; especially in the cases of primula and lythrum. He then referred very briefly to the modifications undergone by bees in order to adapt them to flowers, and after mentioning the well-known cases of the sleep of flowers, as being possibly connected with their relations to insects, and recording some observations on this part of the subject, he ended by saying that the observations commenced by Sprengel, and carried on recently by various botanists, but especially by Darwin and Müller, have shown that insects, and especially bees, have an importance in relation to flowers which had been previously unsuspected.

To them we owe the beauties of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To them flowers are indebted for their scent and colour, nay, their very existence in its present form. Not only have the brilliant colours, the sweet scent, and the honey of flowers been gradually developed by the unconscious agency of insects, but the very arrangement of the colours—the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, the arrangement of the stamens and pistil—all have reference to the visits of insects, and are disposed in such a manner as to ensure the great object which these visits are destined to effect. For it is obvious that any blossom differing from the form and size best adapted to secure the due transference of the pollen would be less likely to be fertilised than others; while, on the other hand, those which were rich in honey, which

were the sweetest and the most conspicuous, would most attract the attention and secure the visits of insects; and thus, just as our gardeners, by selecting seed from the most beautiful varieties, have done so much to adorn our gardens, so have insects, by fertilising the largest and most brilliant flowers, unconsciously, but not less effectually, contributed to the beauty of our woods and fields.

FINE ART.

SIXTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Fourth Notice.)

WE come to-day to an order of subjects which occupied the ancient masters little, but which occupies the modern, and especially the modern English, more than any other—that is, subjects of history and imagination not religious. To tell a story, and tell it in a moving and expressive way, has always been one of the objects of painting, and sometimes its first object. With the painters who first gave life to their art in Italy at the end of the thirteenth century, to tell the unlearned the great stories of the Old and New Testaments, and of miracles nearer their own day, was the first object. And it was the glory of that school—but above all others the glory of Giotto its sovereign—to find out what was the right way of telling a story in painting. Giotto and the early Florentine school felt that what makes a story moving and expressive in painting is not the same thing as what makes it moving and expressive in reading or recital. They felt, and acted upon the feeling, that painting dictates its own laws of composition. They saw that the actors of a painted story must before all things be so disposed as to please the eye, while at the same time they make it clear what they are about; in other words, that the painted space has to be filled with figures and groups of figures which, while they severally and all together conduct the action in a clear and noble manner, at the same time form noble and agreeable arrangements of lines and masses in various relations of balance and rhythm. Thoughts and significations the most ingenious and profound, or the most simple, may equally well lie beneath a composition so conceived; but so conceived the composition must be, or else the result will not be a picture.

To feel this, I say, and act upon it, was the glory of the Florentine school. But for a long while it was only sacred stories that painting concerned itself to tell. The demand for profane stories dates from soon after the spread of ancient learning at the beginning of the fifteenth century. By the middle of that century, a merchant of the city must needs have his daughter's marriage-chest painted with scenes from Ovid or Virgil by Pesellino or Benozzo Gozzoli. Small mythologies in tempera or oil for marriage chests, large mythologies in fresco for palace galleries and ceilings, these are the staple commissions of art other than sacred. But even by the time Savonarola rose against such things, they bore a very small proportion to the sacred art produced in Florence. In Venice, in the next century, during that sudden and mighty and prolonged climax of Venetian art, the secular and mythological phases of painting did hold a somewhat larger proportion beside the sacred and devotional phases. With the splendour of the Venetian mythologies we are familiar. There are three slight examples here. Among these, No. 126, *The Triumph of Love*, holds the first place. It is not a case of story-telling; only a baby-Cupid on a toy-lion in a landscape. It was bought, I believe, for a small sum in a sale-room last year. No hand but the master's own could have put such a quality into the landscape; the part to the right, where the lion's tail comes against the distance, has a singular resemblance to

a passage in the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of the National Gallery. The child, too, with his rosy knees and elbows, is a consummate piece of the Venetian richness in slightness; and the toy-lion is turned into something quite splendid by the style of his design, and the magic touches which bespeak the master in his eyes and the fur of his legs. No. 117 is a small copy, though a very glowing and pleasing copy, after one of the two great mythologies of the Bridgewater Gallery. The sight of it renews one's grudge against that view of an inheritor's obligations which keeps the original from public view. No. 135 is a singularly pure and lovely little romance of Tintoret's, in silvery tones. And lastly among the Italians, a Ferrarese under Venetian influence shows us an example of foolish composition and splendid colour in the scene from Ariosto (162). The fantastical, or as I repeat foolish, landscape and composition is Ferrarese, and belongs to Dosso Dossi as a member of that school; the Venetian part of him is his colour; and scutcheon and pennon and armour and marble in this interesting piece are luckily as perfectly preserved and fresh as when they were painted.

To pick up secular story-painting again in the Exhibition, one needs to come down almost to our own time. The first great English painter indeed, Hogarth, launched upon art a new order of secular story-painting, the principles of which it is well worth pains to apprehend. But there is no room for enquiring into them here, even if his early little picture of *Falstaff and Shallow* (for his I believe it is), or his other picture of *Calais Gate*, were sufficient to give us the clue (28, 37). But we can merely pause at the *Calais Gate*, for its interest in the biography and psychology of this honest bull-dog spirit, and notice the strong direct painting of it as of all Hogarth's work, and what outrageous skinny caricatures these French sentries are. Another order of story-painting flourished in English art fifty years after Hogarth—the idyllic and domestic order which had its origin in the illustration of novels and tales, and which looked to Raphael and the antique, as Hogarth had by no means looked, for hints of grace and composition. This order is represented by a couple of charming little ovals by Stothard (24, 250) and by two or three scraps of Smirke. We cannot attend at length to it either.

But the present is the great century of activity and range in pictorial story-telling. English art has concentrated itself on nothing so much as on the painting of episodes from universal history and literature. Wilkie for one, an artist of the transition between the last century and this, introduced a new and very popular art way of treating history and literature in painting. This was neither the amiable way which succeeded so well, and had such a charm as far as it went, with Stothard and the idyllists, nor the ambitious way which led Fuseli and Barry beyond their strength. It was another, a more trivial and a less artistic way. Those who followed it made their chief points of two things, costume and the picturesque for one, facial expression of the momentary kind for another. Effectively to dress and point an historical anecdote, or a scene out of a novel or a play, became the most popular task of the painter, and has remained so to our own day. A vast amount of talent has been spent, or misspent, upon the task: for the desire of dressing and pointing an anecdote or a scene, coming as it did simultaneously with that disappearance of the sense of colour of which I spoke last week, is apt to lead to a habit of mind the reverse of the artistic, and to appeal to perceptions the reverse of refined. I hold it to be indisputably true, that in the vast bulk of paintings of history or imagination which our school has yielded within the last fifty years, the proper appeal of painting by noble and agreeable arrangements of lines and colours and masses has been forgotten, and that the story has been conducted and made clear, if at all, not through these, but

through schemes of costume and gesture and facial expression sinning by a gross want of beauty and dignity, by a shallow coarseness of emphasis in humour or pathos, and by the endeavour to insist on points of the kind which it is not the business of painting to insist on. A few years ago the Royal Academy gave us the opportunity of studying the work of one of its members who was in the first half of the century the foremost master of pictorial humour, I mean Leslie. This year they give us the opportunity of studying the work of another late member, who put into the art of illustrating history and literature, as that age conceived it, the most of learning, of invention, the strongest native powers of mind, and the most determined thoroughness. The name of MacIise is justly honoured. If hard things have to be said of his art, they strike not at a memory which many still love and mourn, but at the mistaken tendencies to which he gave expression. And it is not possible to look at his fifteen paintings here assembled, and covering the interval from 1832 to 1865, without feeling that these tendencies can never come to good in art. From first to last there is the evidence of a mind which by another channel might have conveyed meanings interesting and admirable. But from first to last these are pictures, as pictures, repulsive, and (there is no good mincing it) vulgar. The series begins with the *Bottom Disenchanted* (47), of 1832. MacIise had lately come upon the town, well recommended, having cultivated in his boyhood at Cork a vigorous knack of portrait drawing; being well read, and of fine presence and manners. He made a brilliant Academy student, and was immediately successful both in society and in his art. The disenchantment of Bottom is a fair subject both for ugliness—or rather for the grotesque, the one form of ugliness which art admits—and for a theatrical play and incidence of light. But this half-naked misshapen wretch, who yawns at you till you see his uvula far down his horrid throat, is merely revolting, not grotesque; and the lights that strike upon his body, and upon the sprites flying about him and the green of the thicket, are merely broken and cutting and unpleasant. Still worse is the illustration to *Lalla Rookh* of the next year. Lord Lytton's admiration for this picture in its day is on record. I think the present generation may fairly congratulate itself on an improvement of taste. This loathsome Mokanna with the lidless glassy eyes and lipless grinning teeth would scarcely be admired to-day; nor the shrill green of the veil, nor Zelica's foolish gesture, nor the absolute want of pictorial dignity and conduct. The next year, however, shows us something very much more promising. *The Installation of Captain Rock* is one of the best products of its unlucky time. There is indeed much ugliness, and not a little extravagance of action; but then the subject allows it; an oath of vengeance sworn among a crowd of shouting Irish allows plenty of vehemence and tumult; it is even allowable that the central figure with his upraised arm should be melodramatic. And among the tumult there are plenty of incidents that are very shrewdly observed and not overstrained at all. A boy lying in the right foreground while a sinister old villain teaches him pistol-practice; the rollicking yelling couple who flourish bottle and crutch and wooden leg as they dance, these are as good in their way as possible. And there are passages of real prettiness and tenderness in the head and shoulders of the girl lying down in the left foreground, and in the woman suckling her baby on the right. Again, there is some agreeable colour, particularly in the landscape we see through the abbey window. MacIise's manner is not yet formed, and there is much to hope from such exuberant vigour and invention. But the next picture belongs to 1840, and does show a formed manner. It is the Banquet Scene from *Macbeth*; and in it the artist has arrived at many things from which he never afterwards departs. First, there is that disagreeable uniform texture,

a hard leathery smoothness; with a sort of jappanned shine in the high lights; and with that, the total absence of pleasurable colour, livid flesh and inky shadow and chilly light. Next, there is the theatrical exaggeration of expression. Having a very rare power of seizing character and expressions, Maclise uses this with no reserve or taste, but piles on the palsied abjectness and sick terror of Macbeth's countenance, the imperious hardness of Lady Macbeth, to a pitch of insufferable excess. Again, the neglect of nature: Maclise is a powerful draughtsman, and to some extent a capable designer; he is never at a loss for vigorous and learned attitudes and combinations of attitude; but they are poured forth from what he knows, not studied from what he has had before him; and sometimes the learning is a little hollow, and the drawing, instead of being really powerful, only has the look of power. These are vices which no abundance nor ingenuity of invention, no scholastic thoroughness of details and accessories, can ever make up for. The lowest point of taste is perhaps reached in the *Sleeping Beauty* of 1841, with its odious sugar-candy prince, its ingenious literary invention of persons and incidents, and the inexhaustible care with which the furniture of the princess's boudoir and vulgar trinkets of the dressing table are made out. The highest mark is touched in the *Carton exhibiting his Printing Press* of 1851, and the *Marriage of Eva and Strongbow* of 1854. But when all justice has been done both in one case and the other to the power of inventing and combining, the learning and research, the thorough working out and exactness of all the parts, and to the forcible impression of an individuality which gives its colour to everything it touches—when all justice has been done to these, there remains the ugliness, the want of pleasurable colour and texture, nay of pleasurable form and distribution too, for in the forms and their distribution there is character and energy but no charm; there remains the vulgarity, the want of taste or reticence, the importunate excess of crowding, of vehemence, a staginess beyond that of the stage itself; there remains the fatal way of driving home the literary points of the scene or anecdote and forgetting the artistic points. The distinction of Maclise is, that where so much contemporary work in the same order suggests nothing but dispraise, the matter for praise and regret also is to be found in his.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE news of the death of Jean-François Millet, the illustrious French painter of landscape and peasant life, reached London too late for our last week's issue. He died on the 20th inst., in his house at Barbizon near Fontainebleau, and was buried on the 23rd in the neighbouring churchyard of Chailly, which is the burial-place also of Théodore Rousseau and several other painters who had made their home on the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. There has been no more single-minded artist in modern times, nor one whose genius was more completely the expression of his character. After a few years of studentship and experiment, he devoted himself consistently, and in the teeth of neglect and poverty, to paint the class of men and the occupations with which his origins had made him familiar. He is in art the poet, and at his best a poet admirably sincere and delicate and profound, of agricultural and pastoral life as they really are in his country. Ploughed fields on a grey autumn day, the folding of sheep by sunset or moonrise, tilling and garnering, seed-time and harvest—the truth of these things, with its grave variety in monotony, its solemn earnestness and pathos and patience, its tranquil harmonies, had never found a painter before. And he was to a greater or less extent the teacher of all those who in recent years have followed the same path—of Jules

Breton, Ch. Jacque, and the other *peintres de la campagne* in his own country; of Mason and partly of Walker in ours.

The painter was himself by birth a peasant, born sixty years ago at Gréville near Cherbourg. He attracted the notice of the authorities at that town, who sent him to study art in Paris under Delaroche, with a pension of 1,200 francs a year. In return for this stipend he had to supply a certain number of paintings annually to the Museum at Cherbourg; and a correspondent sends us a story how the authorities complaining from time to time that the pictures he sent were too small, he one day composed for them in indignation a subject of *Moses breaking the Table of the Law*, which still exists in the Museum. The influence of Paul Delaroche might have kept a weaker pupil in the remunerative path of history and costume painting. But Millet's vocation was too strong, and after a few undecided efforts in that vein he abandoned it, and gave himself up to the painting of country life. He married early, and retired to live in a cottage in the village of Barbizon. He first exhibited in 1844. For many years he had a hard struggle against neglect and poverty, and lived with his family literally the life of a peasant. The *Semur* was among the first of his successes. A series of pictures in the same vein—*L'Angelus*, *La Tondeuse de Moutons*, *La Récolte des Pommes de Terre*, two versions of *La Charrue Abandonnée*, the picture of a sheepfold by moonlight, the *Novembre*, and others—presently established him in high reputation among the lovers of serious and original art. "Je n'aime pas les tableaux qui partent comme un coup de pistolet," he used to say: "il faut regarder longtemps mes tableaux pour en sentir l'impression." Out of a great series of the Seasons, upon which he had been long engaged, we believe that only the *Spring* was finished. Several of his more important works have been of late years exhibited at the Society of French Artists in Bond Street; but he has never been fully appreciated by any large section of our public. On the other hand, he has found admirers and purchasers in America.

Fame and comparative ease made no change in Millet's habits of life. He lived in his cottage at Barbizon surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and known by his neighbours as the *Patriarch*. The cottage is a long low building, with one window only upon the street, and the others looking upon a garden, through which the inmates used to pass directly into the field or forest. Millet was a tall man, and in latter years very stout, with a short beard and small piercing eyes. In his studio he wore sabots and a long woollen waistcoat. The studio was very scantily furnished: a few broken chairs, a few shabby easels, some slabs in plaster from the Parthenon frieze, some old wood-carvings, a number of canvases turned to the wall, "and," adds one of our correspondents, "a piece of dried-up thistle, which he held in his hand, making me admire the delicacy of the drawing, the quiet beauty of the colour; an oyster-shell; &c." Both the dislike of official circles and the enthusiasm of friends chose to see something revolutionary in his subjects and his manner of life, but this he would not have. "On veut faire de moi un drapeau rouge," he said, "parceque je peins des paysans; mais je ne veux pas qu'on me prenne pour un mot d'ordre. Je peins les paysans parceque je suis un d'eux, parceque je connais leur vie. Je veux peindre le travail dur, sans relâche, sans récréation, le travail qui donne des ampoules et des maux de reins." He would keep by him for many years one of the pictures which most interested him, and work on it from time to time until he had finished it to his satisfaction. It will remain a kindly and reverent recollection with many, how upon the introduction of some common friend they were received by the patriarch in his painting room in the forest village, and with what simple originality and weight he would talk while he showed them his

work. "Last September," writes one of the correspondents to whom we are indebted for several of the above particulars,

"returning from a Sunday-afternoon tramp in the Fontainebleau forest, the low sun lighting up the mossy tree-trunks and the leaf-carpeted path where the children were at play, I saw just inside the forest, beneath a venerable tree, a group of ladies and artists in their forest costume, and laughing children gathered round an old man in the centre. The group was such as to recall Brion's picture in the Luxembourg of a *Protestant Service in the Wood*. As I passed in, greeting and receiving greeting, and turned again in the distance to look back at the picturesque company of the artist and his family, I little thought I had looked for the last time on Millet."

The funeral was altered from Friday of last week to Saturday; so that many friends and admirers who went down from Paris on the former day were disappointed. The body was, however, followed to the grave by a group of artists living in the neighbourhood, and a crowd of the peasants who had been the models of Millet's art, as well as by a few journalists and picture-dealers from Paris, by the President of the *Comité de Protection artistique de la Forêt de Fontainebleau*, and by an official representative of M. de Chennevières, the Director of Fine Arts.

ART SALES.

THE sale of the Flemish tapestries from the Hôtel Van Susteren-Dubois took place on the 18th inst. They were purchased by the Belgian Government for the Museum of Armoury, at the moderate price of 23,000 francs (920*l.*), 100,000 francs (4,000*l.*) being the sum at which they were estimated. The princely house on the Place de Meir from which they are derived (now in the possession of M. Osterreith) was bought in 1649 by a Milanese merchant, Giacomo Antonio Carena, who decorated it in accordance with his fortune and artistic tastes. In the great room he placed these tapestries, made to his order at Brussels, together with paintings by Rubens and Jordans.

These tapestries are five in number, and represent scenes in the life of Achilles—Thetis plunging her Son into the Styx, his Education by Chiron, his Wrath against Agamemnon, Chryseis restored to her Father (the finest of them all), and the Death of Achilles—the whole surmounted by a border of flowers, fruits, squirrels, parrots, &c., in which the Carena arms are introduced, as also the double B, separated by a kind of escutcheon (a modification of the two B's or fusils and flints of Philip the Good of Burgundy), which are assigned by archaeologists as marks of the manufactories of Brussels.

That these tapestries are Flemish admits of no doubt, and it is equally established that they are after the designs of Rubens, who, according to Smith, made eight sketches for tapestry from the Life of Achilles for Charles I., which were sold at the dispersion of his collection; two were bought in Italy by Mr. Vernon. According to D'Angerville, Rubens executed a series of the same subject for Philip IV. of Spain. There must have been duplicates, as in 1830, copies existed simultaneously in England and France. These sketches were engraved by Ertinger in 1679 at Antwerp, and by Baron in London. They are eight in number.

The five subjects in the tapestries have been slightly modified, and some shortened, probably to keep the "giusta misura" referred to by Carena, in his will, as having been prescribed to the tapestry maker. They were executed after the death of Rubens, probably about 1655, and have never until now been removed from the hôtel for which they were originally executed. It is satisfactory to find that the Belgian Government have secured these fine specimens of their national industry for their own museum.

THE sale took place, on the 18th, at the Hôtel Drouot, of the collection of paintings of the late

M. Edwin Cliff, of St. Quentin, one of the most wealthy manufacturers of the department, who has brought the lace industry to its present perfection at St. Quentin. The paintings were mostly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and of undoubted authenticity. *A Fishwoman*, by Jordaens and Snyders, a most important work, sold for 4,300 fr.; Ruysdael, *J., Stream Running through a Wood*, 1,820 fr.; Bergen, Van, *Shepherds and their Flocks*, 920 fr.; Berghem, *Animals in a Landscape*, 1,600 fr.; Delen, Thierry, &c., *Interior of a Palace*, 725 fr.; Franquelin, *The Departure*, 1,000 fr.; Hue, J. B., *A Calm*, 1,800 fr., and *A Tempest*, 500 fr.; Molenaar, J., *Flemish Kermesse*, 2,850 fr.; Molyneux, P., *A View in Holland*, 910 fr.; Pynaker, *Animals in a Landscape*, 1,360 fr.; Vernet, C. Joseph, *A Seaport*, 1,310 fr.; Waterloo, *A Landscape*, 840 fr.; another, 790 fr.; Watteau, L., called the Watteau of Lille, *Fête Champêtre*, 1,420 fr.; Wouvermans, P., *The Sleeping Horseman*, 1,520 fr., and *The Sportsman*, 3,900 fr.; Wynants, *Landscape with Figures*, 1,520 fr.; Wynbrack, *Dutch Interior*, 920 fr.; Zorg, *The Dutch Musician*, a fine specimen of the artist, 1,080 fr. Among the modern paintings, *Cows in Repose*, by Cooper, a very important composition, sold for 3,750 fr.; Courbet, *The Roebuck*, 5,800 fr.; Isabey, E., *A Superb Landscape*, 1,650 fr.; Laugée, *The Reapers*, 2,050 fr.; Manchot, *Mosque of Kaid Bey, at Cairo*, 1,020 fr. The sale produced 74,812 fr. (2,992l. 10s.).

THE second sale of the objects discarded from the Musée Carnavalet took place this week, and produced 24,000 fr. A sledge sold for 360 fr.; two screens, 410 fr. and 355 fr.; two Louis XVI. sofas, 1,505 fr.; a bronze clock, 1,000 fr.

ON the 22nd there was offered for sale at Messrs. Christie's, a portrait of Shakspeare, supposed to be the original portrait by Burbage, or Taylor the Water poet. It was formerly in the collection of Lord Lumley, of Lumley Castle, Durham, and lately passed into the possession of Mr. G. Rippen, of North Shields, and exhibited by him at the Tercentenary Exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon. The portrait was valued at 100 guineas, but the public did not view it in the same light as the vendors, and it was bought in for 30 guineas.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN October, 1870, the workmen engaged in digging prior to laying the foundations of the new parish church of Saint-André, near Bruges, came upon a tomb at a depth of 3 feet below the pavement level, the walls of which were painted in distemper with figures of our Lord on the cross between St. Mary and St. John, of the Madonna, and of two angels censuring, on a ground diapered with crosses and flowers. The armorial bearings proved this to be the tomb of Sir Roger de Straten, 1335. Shortly after, two more such tombs were found, one of about the same date, the other rather earlier.

Within the last few days another tomb has been discovered in a garden adjoining the church on the south, and occupying the site of the cloister of the old Benedictine Abbey. It measures inside 6 feet 10 inches in length, by 2 feet 2 in breadth, and 3 feet in height. The coffin, the greater part of which had crumbled into dust, had been raised off the ground and supported by two rows of bricks running across the tomb. The interior of the walls is covered with a thin coat of plaster, on which are paintings in distemper still in a good state of preservation. On the eastern wall is our Lord on the cross between the Blessed Virgin and St. John; at the opposite end, a figure of a saint, unfortunately mutilated by the workmen when opening the tomb. On each of the side-walls, diapered with cinquoils, are three large trifoliated crosses and two figures of apostles with their emblems. As a matter of course, the work is rough, the time for both designing and exe-

cuting the work having been necessarily very brief; but the figures have a good deal of character and expression, and the draperies are really well arranged. An old inhabitant of the village informed our correspondent that, some thirty years ago, a number of similarly painted tombs had been discovered on the site of the old Chapter House, but had all been demolished without any description or drawing having been made of them. Careful tracings of those recently discovered have been made and placed in the Archaeological Museum at Bruges.

AN Exhibition of Prints by Wenceslaus Hollar is now open at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, to members and their friends. The gathering includes one hundred and thirty-six prints, or sets of prints, and yet is representative of merely a small portion—though that, the most important—of the life work of one of the most indefatigable artists that ever lived. The Exhibition is formed from the collections of Mr. S. Addington, Mr. Seymour Haden, the Rev. J. J. Heywood, Mr. A. Morrison, and Mr. R. P. Roupell, Q.C., and is rendered doubly instructive by the timely issue of a catalogue with many comments on the works and a pleasant biographical sketch of the worker. Born at Prague in July, 1607, and dying in London seventy years afterwards, Wenzel Hollar's artistic career lasted nearly through the reigns of Charles the First and Second, as well as through the Protectorate, and much of the history of all that time is written in his etchings. A first glance at the work of Hollar seems, indeed, to promise an historical or antiquarian rather than an artistic interest, for the artist did not disdain to execute a map of England and a view of London many feet long—more accurate than picturesque. The artistic interest is, however, very evident on any further acquaintance. Hollar was a poor man, and could not refuse any kind of work that was offered to him. The booksellers kept him going, at poor pay. Accordingly he had not very much time, even in his long and busy life, to do whatever work he liked best. Perhaps, however, he had no personal preferences. He seems at least with well-nigh equal care to have etched illustrations for all sorts of volumes, designed frontispieces, made elaborate drawings of St. George's Chapel, copied the prints of Martin Schöngauer, and the portraits of Vandyke and Holbein, and copied sea shells and ladies' muffs, and executed symbolical figures for the Four Seasons. And in technical qualities he is unsurpassed. Often, too, he is unsurpassed in drawing; for notice the exquisite delicacy of some of his views of suburban London, or of the city itself. He is at home when sketching the neighbourhood of the Water-house at Islington—its lines of roof and half-spoiled field and low grey sky—and when jotting in, with utmost accuracy, yet with picturesque effect, the objects that were to be described far down below the battlemented top of Arundel House in the Strand. He is at home in following every possible intricacy of vaulted Gothic roof; and again he can reproduce the directness of Holbein and the grace of Vandyke. Set to chronicle a great national and dramatic event, such as the Execution of Strafford, he does not seek in the first place to make a picture so much as a record. He makes almost a plan of Strafford's execution: shows where everybody stood and who everybody was, and so is far enough removed in aim, as well as result, from the modern popular illustrator. But, undoubtedly, what he did generally best was anything that gave special room for the exhibition of technical mastery. Thus his sets of muffs and shells can hardly fail to be always valued. Some of his shells challenge comparison with the famous "Damier" shell, of Rembrandt—the most notable etching of still-life in existence. One thing, however, must be singled out, even in a notice brief and slight as the present one, for special remark, and that is the wholly exquisite composition, *Youth Playing a Mandolin* (No. 96 in the collection).

This little print possesses an interest greater than can possibly attach to works whose value is in purely technical skill, and its interest is not likely to be held to be less because of its immense rarity. It is so rare that it escaped the observation of Parthey, the Berlin doctor who catalogued Hollar's works, and the only two copies known to exist are the one in the British Museum and the one in the present exhibition belonging to Mr. Morrison. A youth sits near an open window. His face, if somewhat feminine, is entirely sweet and graceful; his hair falls long and thick, and is a little tumbled. He is happy with his music, and the fingers bend over the instrument they wake, with exquisite curves and delicate modelling, which not even the grace of Marc Antonio could do more than equal.

ON the 22nd and 23rd were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum the works of the Society for the Promotion of Arts (S. P. A.), a society of ladies, amateur artists, who select the subjects for their drawings, which they meet twice a year to exhibit, and to give prizes, which, this time, have been awarded by Mr. Redgrave. Among the subjects for competition this year is *Colour*, well exemplified in two drawings where the same subject has been taken for illustration—the orange fungus or agaric, shown by Miss Powell, accompanied by a branch of bramble with autumnal tints; the other, by Miss Halkin, intermingled with fern—both most brilliant in colouring. Miss A. Harvey gives a good example of "colour" in a red brick house with cart and other accessories. *Water Mills* are represented with great freedom by Misses Webster, Powell and Smith. *Watching*, another subject, is variously exemplified—the Mother watching her Infant, the Sailor Family on the Look-out on the Sea-shore, the Sick Child, Hero watching for Leander, the Cat for a Mouse, &c. Among these, most notable is a life-sized portrait of an aged woman in red handkerchief, by Miss A. Smith. In *Ruins*, Miss E. Utterson gives us Porti Clais; and in *Repose* we have a most comfortable old lady knitting in perfect repose in her arm-chair, admirably drawn in "fusain" by Miss M. Buist. The exhibition is highly to the credit of the artists.

THE *Cologne Gazette* of January 25 reports the proceedings of the first meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Athens, under the presidency of the Director, Dr. O. Lüders, which took place on January 16. Dr. Lüders exhibited a drawing of a massive marble vase, which has recently been found near the Hôtel Grande Bretagne. It represents in relief two groups of figures, in one of which Hermes is seen in the act of seizing upon a woman, who with a mournful countenance looks back towards a man, who is trying to retain her hand. In the other and smaller group three other men are represented trying to rescue the woman from Hermes, who is evidently here the messenger of Pluto, come to carry the wife away from her sorrowing husband to the lower world. It is believed that this vase has formed part of a funeral monument similar to those discovered at Naples in the Villa Albani, and belonging apparently to the second or third century B.C.

M. CH. GARNIER, the architect of the New Opera House, has been decorated as officer of the Légion d'Honneur, and MM. Jourdain and Louvet, who also took part in the works of the Opera, have been created Chevaliers of the order.

EVERY student of mediæval art who has had the good fortune to visit the important collection of M. Basilevsky in Paris will be glad to learn that the owner, assisted by M. Darcel, has recently compiled a descriptive catalogue of his treasures, which he now offers to the public. To the catalogue, which contains 560 numbers, is prefixed an essay or treatise on the Industrial Arts of the Middle Ages, by M. Darcel, which contains much valuable information. The catalogue is illustrated by prints, many of them in chromolithography.

THE much admired "Chien de Montargis," by M. Gustave Debré, is to be reproduced in bronze. The firm of M. Thiebaut, of Paris, has been charged by the French government with the execution of this work.

THE gold medal for Architecture of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts has been bestowed this year on M. Thillet.

IN our analysis of the last number of the *Chronicle of the Numismatic Society*, we mentioned a short paper by Mr. Gardner on the stamped vase handles from Thasos, of which the known examples present twenty varieties, a very small number compared with the multitude from Rhodes. To this list we would add one lately acquired by the British Museum and reading ΘΑΙΩΝ ΦΙΛΑΙΩΤΙΑΗ[C]. The vases of which so many of the handles with stamps on them remain, were made of clay, capacious, unpainted and unvarnished, just such as would be suitable for the export of wine or oil, except perhaps that the width of the mouth must have made the corking which wine would require a heavy operation. For a time there was a pleasant idea afloat that these stamps were intended to mark the date of the vintage in which the wine in the jar had been produced. But that, we see, has been given up in favour of the conjecture that the stamp was a sign of the vessel having been officially examined as to its capacity. If it could be proved that the Rhodians exported these jars merely as so much pottery, and not always full of wine, we should no longer have to wonder whether they retained any of that precious liquid for their own use, so numerous are the remains of their stamped jars outside their own island. With regard to the illustration at the head of Mr. Gardner's paper, we may remark that it seems to represent a diver emerging from the sea with his arms outstretched. He is about the same distance out of the water as is Helios in the pediment of the Parthenon.

A NEW illustrated art journal, called *La Cotisation*, has recently been put forth at St. Petersburg. The first number appeared in December, and contained, besides several excellent articles, two etchings by Seamon and Kelper, and several wood engravings by Koppe.

THE STAGE.

"LA MAÎTRESSE LÉGITIME" AT THE ODÉON.

THERE are no authors who can be more light and brilliant than the French; on the other hand there are few who can compete with them in the dullness which they occasionally exhibit. It is a dullness which is the more irritating because it is not absolute; there always runs through it a thin vein of vitality which is sufficient to keep the attention awake, but not sufficient to repay its effort. The greatest poet and the greatest novelist of modern France have both given instances of this distressing heaviness, and it is not unnatural that M. Daryl should possess the power of producing it. His comedy at the Odéon is of a strangely mixed character; it suggests a reversal of the "desinit in pisces mulier formosa superne." Were the whole play equal in languor to its first half it could have no claim to success; as it is, the piece can hardly be deemed worthy of its reputation. There is no novelty in the motive, and a great want of art throughout in the treatment. It contains, however, elements of success and intervals of cleverness which redeem it from failure, and give hope that the author may be capable of far better work. The play opens in the country house of André Dalème, an inventor, the precise nature of whose inventions is never ascertained: to their complete success, however, want of money is the only drawback. A conversation takes place between Jean Duluc (Porel), a poet and a friend of Dalème's, and Marthe (Mdlle. Léonide Leblanc), a friend of another nature. Duluc enters from a shooting expedition, and some time is unprofitably

occupied with his enthusiasm for "la chasse," and his expatiations on the delights of a country life. It appears in the course of the dialogue that Marthe has lived happily for the last ten years with Dalème; excepting this irregularity, upon the existence of which modern French comedy depends, she is a woman of the highest character, and Dalème is as devoted to her as she to him. This being so, it seems odd that it should never have occurred to Duluc until the opportune moment of the play's opening to enquire why Marthe and Dalème have never married, and that the existence of an inconvenient husband should come upon him as a surprise. The husband has, of course, treated her atrociously, and she naturally combines all the qualities which are most admirable in woman. Duluc leaves her, expressing his regard for her noble attributes, and his place is filled by Vernier, another friend, who comes to announce to her the death of her husband, a piece of news which she receives with mixed feelings. Upon her recovery from the agitation into which she is thrown, she begs Vernier to leave her to tell Dalème what has happened. Presently Dalème himself (Masset) enters, and now occurs a scene which is ludicrously weak in motive. Marthe has prepared to break to him the fact which leaves her free to marry him, but she refrains from doing so at once because he is preoccupied with the progress of his invention and the chances of his raising enough money to carry his enterprise through. He explains that he expects a visit from Deneuve, a banker and an old friend of his father's, and Boulmier, a wealthy *commerçant*, from whom he has hopes of assistance. Under these circumstances he hints to her that it would be well that the conduct of his life should appear perfectly respectable; that the discovery of its being otherwise might injure his reputation as a man of industry; that, in short, his visitors had better be kept in ignorance of her presence in his house. It is curious that such a situation should never have arisen before in their ten years' life together; and it seems unreasonable that she should be cut to the quick by his very sensible suggestion. She here goes away with a cry of "Et moi qui allais tout lui dire!" for which it is difficult to feel much sympathy, and the expected visitors arrive, bringing with them Geneviève, Boulmier's daughter (Mdlle. Baretta). A heavy conversation ensues, followed by an interview between Deneuve and Dalème, in which the banker explains to the young man that Mdlle. Boulmier has a considerable liking for him, which has been fostered, if not created, by her father. Boulmier is anxious to take up Dalème's inventions; the girl is rich and attractive; and it is evident that, if the inventor marries her, his fortune will be assured. The situation of a young man to whom a pleasant and advantageous marriage is proposed, but who is prevented from accepting it by a secret *liaison*, would be more striking if it had not already been employed in Scribe's *Une Chaine*, and in a hundred pieces by authors of less capacity since his time. In this scene—and, indeed, all through the play—Dalème is presented in a singularly odious light. Bound by every possible tie to Marthe, he yet asks time to consider Deneuve's proposition, and seems seriously to consider whether he cannot carry it into effect. He accompanies the banker on part of his way home in order to talk more of this plan, and the scene is left empty for an old servant, who displays so much astonishment at finding the drawing-room untenanted by Marthe that one might well suppose it to be the only room in the house. The act closes with a weak tirade from Marthe, upon whose lamentations over her position the curtain falls. Up to this point the play runs with a dead monotony which augurs ill. The situation if not new has some capacity for effect, but it is intolerably spun out with long and purposeless discourse. The characters display no original invention, and are not interpreted with sufficient

force to conceal its absence. Mdlle. Leblanc's acting is of too mechanical a nature to succeed in inspiring any interest in Marthe, who is, it must be allowed, so uninteresting a person that it must not be laid altogether to the actress's account if no emotion is excited by her troubles. Masset, by the lack of grace and sympathy, two qualities which are indispensable to a *jeune premier*, invests the part of Dalème with even more repulsiveness than the author has given to it. Porel is heavily weighted with Jean Duluc, who is supposed to be not only a poet but also a "fellow of infinite humour," but who is in reality a dull dog enough. The player, by dint of a certain *bonhomie*, a well-trained repose and an excellent delivery, manages to give him some semblance of life. Boulmier is played, and well played, by Richard. The character is ridiculously inconsistent throughout the play, but this defect does not appear in the first act. Richard has studied and rendered the pride of purse, the vulgarity and the thick-skinned nature of the *commerçant* to good purpose. It is, however, to Mdlle. Baretta's impersonation of Geneviève, although she remains but a short time upon the scene, that whatever brightness this portion of the play possesses is due. The actress's natural gifts are all in her favour, and she employs them well. She is unaffected, moves well, and speaks well. The little incident of her accepting a bouquet from the man, whose wife she expects to become, is endowed by her with an interest which is not awakened by the more serious parts of the action.

It is said that Mdlle. Baretta is before long to appear on the boards of the Français. There is but one *ingénue*, Mdlle. Reichenberg, now there of any marked ability, and the addition of Mdlle. Baretta to the company, if she continued to improve the powers which she has already developed, would be a decided gain.

If the first act of *La Maîtresse Légitime* promises dullness, that promise is more than fulfilled by the second. This passes in the office of Dalème. In spite of the labour which he has devoted to his inventions, in spite of the sleepless nights which he has passed in attempting to perfect them, he is threatened not only with inability to carry them further, but with absolute ruin for want of money to pay his workmen. All this, which could be told in five minutes, is dragged out to a dreary length by dint of flat dialogue and flatter rhodomontades. There is an attempt to relieve the scene by the introduction of a supposed comic character, who finding that it is impossible to see Dalème, proposes to Duluc a method by which, at the trifling sacrifice of his honesty, the inventor may evade his difficulties. This incident is apparently intended to point a bitter satire at some of the proceedings tolerated by the Bourse; but whether the intention be good or not, the execution is lamentably weak. Marthe presently appears, and Dalème, with the fine instinct of delicacy which distinguishes him throughout the play, reproaches her with being the cause of his ruin, asserting that but for the fact of the terms upon which they live being known, he could easily raise money from people who under existing circumstances are afraid of trusting a young man of so unsteady a character. This reproach to the woman who has sacrificed everything for him is made by a young man who is continually boasting of his high principles and his honour, and it does not appear that the author considers his conduct peculiarly offensive. At the end of the act Dalème is in despair; the hour for payment of the workmen arrives, and the inventor is agreeably surprised at finding that they are actually being paid by his foreman. This is explained by Duluc, who announces that Marthe has sold her diamonds to raise the necessary money. This act seems to serve no purpose but that of protracting the progress of the plot.

It is in the third act, which represents an evening at Boulmier's, that the play revives and justifies its existence. The writing is, indeed,

full of faults: personages are introduced who never appear before or afterwards, who are all of a conventional type, who succeed sometimes in raising a laugh, but who do so only by descending to the realms of farce. The course of the dialogue shows that Boulmier is bent upon bringing about the marriage of his daughter with Dalème at all hazards, and that Duluc is equally bent upon preventing it. Boulmier, aware of the inventor's *liaison*, has discovered the dwelling-place of Marthe, who has left Dalème for fear of compromising his future, and has begged her to give him an interview that evening at his house. Meanwhile Duluc manages to find Geneviève alone and profits by the opportunity. It seems that he has spoken much to her of his admirable friend Marthe, and she is anxious for further information. The poet upon this launches into a rhapsodical description of nature in the month of March: he describes with enthusiasm the rare glimpses of brightness from the sun, which are received with scant gratitude, although they are at work in vivifying the earth. In this speech there is some poetical feeling, which is made the most of by Porel. Duluc concludes his burst of emotion by saying, "Mon amie Marthe c'est le soleil de Mars," and then goes on to recount her history and Dalème's to Geneviève. The emotion of the girl in listening to this unexpected recital is well rendered by Mdle. Baretta. There is much grace and there is real feeling in the look and action with which she takes the bouquet given to her by Dalème from the vase where she has kept it, and puts it away, with the words "Le soleil de Mars a passé par là." The sudden change to gaiety and carelessness on the entrance of her father is also given with just that touch of exaggeration which belongs to an assumed feeling. In the following scene between Deneuve and Boulmier, wherein the latter expresses his determination to break off the relations between Marthe and Dalème, and the course which he has determined to pursue, some fun is made by Richard out of the rather exhausted situation of an old man dwelling with vanity upon the disreputable reminiscences of his youth. Then comes the interview between Boulmier and Marthe. He has prepared to offer a large sum if she will formally renounce all claim upon Dalème. He is embarrassed by the restraint which her dignity imposes upon his vulgar nature, and after many shuffling attempts at an explanation, he finds no better way of conveying his meaning than by laying the money upon the table and explaining his meaning with a brutal plainness. Then Mdle. Leblanc proves that she is worthy of a better part than that which M. Daryl has given her. Marthe's hardly mastered grief, her impatience at the apparently useless questioning of Boulmier, her shame and indignation when the truth bursts upon her, are interpreted with the skill and feeling of an artist. As Marthe flings the money which Boulmier has offered her upon the ground with an outbreak of scorn, Duluc and Geneviève enter. Marthe falls exhausted upon the sofa. Geneviève, divining at once who she is, rushes to console her. Duluc, on learning what Boulmier's conduct has been, is about to express his rage in a tangible form, when he is stopped by an imploring cry of "C'est mon père" from Geneviève. Marthe and Geneviève embrace, and the curtain should fall upon what is the one really effective situation in the play. The opportunity is spoilt, however, by the anti-climax of a tirade directed by Duluc against Boulmier, which he concludes by observing that he would have wreaked instant vengeance upon him—"mais une ange a prié pour vous."

This is the culminating point of the piece, and from this the last act falls off in interest, although it is infinitely better than either of the first two. It brings us back to the country house of Dalème, upon whom the ruin which has been impending is now about to break. Marthe and Duluc meet in the garden, and she explains her plans to him. She has found a place as *dame de compagnie*, and is going

to leave Dalème in order to avoid bringing upon him more trouble than she has already brought upon Duluc. He begs her to take no further step until he has seen Dalème, and when she has left him there enters a *huissier*, who has come to take stock of the house. Here again the farcical element is introduced, and with even less success than before. While the *huissier* is in the house, Dalème enters, followed by Deneuve, the banker, who implores him to marry Geneviève, in order to avoid the disgrace of bankruptcy. Dalème hesitates between his love for Marthe and his regard for his reputation, much to the indignation of Duluc. Finally Dalème goes off to find Marthe, announcing with a generosity which seems a little tardy, that he prefers her happiness to his own respectability, and then a goddess from a machine appears in the person of Geneviève. She has just come of age, and is therefore entitled to receive from her father a sum of money which is more than sufficient to extricate Dalème from his embarrassments, and to carry him to certain success. She intends that she and her husband shall invest this sum in Dalème's affairs at once. "What husband?" enquires Boulmier, who has appeared upon the scene. "He whom I have chosen," she replies, indicating Duluc. This point is marked by Mdle. Baretta with a charming mixture of modesty and *naïveté*. It is noteworthy that Duluc himself is so little prepared for this event that he imagines Geneviève's gesture refers to Vernier, a friend who is standing close by him. Boulmier bursts into a violent explosion of rage, but is reconciled in an improbably short time to the inevitable by his daughter's caressing persuasions. Dalème enters with Marthe, having learnt the good news of her freedom; Duluc and Geneviève pair off, and the play is brought to a happy conclusion. It would be more satisfactory if the process of arriving at that conclusion were less tedious. The weight of the play is lightened by Porel, Richard, and especially by Mdle. Baretta; but it is at times so heavy, that scarcely any exertions could make it tolerable. One comes away, it is true, with a feeling of some satisfaction; but it is difficult to determine whether the pleasure derived from the last two acts ought not to be referred to the reaction consequent on the pain caused by the first two.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

We hear that Mr. Irving has some intention of giving a reading of *Hamlet* on Ash Wednesday, but that there is at present a difficulty in getting a suitable place in which to make the experiment on that day.

We hear that Miss Amy Fawcett will appear at the Court Theatre, in the first comedy to be produced under the management of Mr. John Hare.

The Good Samaritan is the promising title of Mr. Albery's new play, which will be produced at the Olympic Theatre directly *Two Orphans* can be withdrawn.

She Stoops to Conquer was played last Saturday morning at the Gaiety Theatre: Mrs. Kendal appearing as Miss Hardcastle and Miss Furtado as Miss Neville, and Mr. Arthur Cecil making a noteworthy success as Tony Lumpkin. Of course the bright comedy part of Miss Hardcastle presented no difficulty to Mrs. Kendal—here on the whole seen to far greater advantage than in the tearful drama of Lord Lytton's at the Globe—while the part of Miss Neville was within the range of Miss Furtado's ability. The same performance will be repeated to-day.

A *strong matinée* is promised us at the Gaiety next Saturday. *As You Like It* will be performed then, and once again a week afterwards. Rosalind will be represented by Mrs. Kendal, Orlando by Mr. Kendal, Jacques by Mr. Herman Vezin, Adam by Mr. Maclean, and Amiens, with his songs, by Mr. Cotte. Thus will be very worthily continued that series of morning performances which have

given us, even during the run of the pantomimes, something more than usually interesting and desirable to see.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is at work upon the arrangement of a new comic opera for the Royalty Theatre, and in this piece both Miss Selina Dolaro and Miss Nellie Bromley will appear. Meanwhile the little theatre will open, as we have announced, with *La Perichole*—Miss Dolaro in the leading part—and this will be preceded to-night (the opening night) by Mr. Campbell Clarke's adaptation from the French, known as *Awaking*. Mr. Rayne appears in this; and Messrs. W. Fisher and C. W. Norton are engaged together with some others—two or three of whom are, we believe, unknown to fame—at least to the fame that comes of acting opera-bouffe.

IN aid of the Cospatrik Fund, they give a special performance this morning at the Princess's, of *The Hunchback*. Mr. Ryder acts Master Walter, Mr. Terriss, Sir Thomas Clifford; Mr. A. Nelson, Modus; Miss Alleyne, Julia; and Miss Erskine, Helen.

IN a little paper in the *Era Almanack*, Mr. Clement Scott—writing on a subject which will interest many playgoers—puts in his plea for the pit; the pit which in recent years has been treated somewhat scurvily in our theatres. The pit used to be a power, and even now the most habitual and devoted playgoers probably frequent it. Mr. Scott is jealous for its privileges, for he writes:—

"Had not the position of the pit been sadly altered, had not the conditions of pit criticism been changed, had not the voice of the pit been stifled, many of the recent scandals would have been avoided, and we should not have found, as now, a kind of civil war being waged in all matters of theatrical interest—on the one side those who love the art, on the other who view it merely as a commercial speculation, or possibly something worse. Had the pit been left in its old form and strength, had this large and generous assemblage, with no piques or prejudices, been permitted to remain and watch with eager eyes over the interests of art, the difficulties of the critic would in a great measure have been removed, and all authoritative interference would have been unnecessary. That which was once done by the loud, strong, and manly voice of the people is now forced upon the representatives of the newspapers, whose opinion may be in harmony with that of the people but cannot be publicly endorsed by them. That which is now done by the distinct order of the Lord Chamberlain would, once upon a time, have been settled in a manner not quite convenient and comfortable for the manager. Let those who abolish the pit and introduce risky performances, songs, personalities, and dances, remember what a Dublin audience did when Sheridan insulted them. Let them, in connexion with other matters, remember that there are such letters in the theatrical alphabet as O. P. Let us see, however, what has been done with the poor old pit, what treatment has been extended to the honest gentlemen who, in fair weather and foul, have remained at the helm of the dramatic ship. They have been driven back, back by these ten-shillings stalls, until the place of the pit is a pen, and the pit's protection is no longer a power."

AT the Théâtre Lyrique Dramatique they have revived the *Filles de Marbre*, a five-act drama by Lambert Thiboust and Théodore Barrière.

MONSIEUR LOUIS DENATROUZE, the writer of *La Belle Paule*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY about eight months ago, had a fair success on the first night of his comedy called *Mademoiselle Duparc*, at the Gymnase. The main theme is more like *drame* than comedy: the comedy element is to be found in the secondary characters and episodes. *Mademoiselle Duparc* has one very strong situation, which would have gained immensely had it been naturally led up to, and led away from. Its presence, where it is not natural, is what justifies us, we think, in speaking of the work as being more nearly related to drama than to pure comedy, for in *drame* the effect obtained counts unmistakably as the first thing, while in pure comedy one may more legitimately demand that effect shall never be obtained at the

expense of justice of observation and accuracy of portrayal. In *Mademoiselle Duparc*, a certain countess discovers her husband coming out of the room of her governess; but being a *dévot* of a very peculiar kind she has learned, thinks the author, to have faith in women and indulgence towards men. She does not know, and is not apparently over anxious to know, whether the governess has encouraged the advances of her husband. In real life, whether the governess had encouraged the husband or not, the governess would certainly have been asked to withdraw, for the peace of the house and its decency. But that would not only have finished M. Denayrouze's comedy as soon as it had begun; it would also have barred the way to the dramatic situation which M. Denayrouze had in store for us. So the governess is not requested to find some other place. Presently there is an evening party, at which a young man, who is somebody's secretary, recognises the governess, and reminds her, with unmatched audacity, of an old love-affair she had had, in another house. On this the governess bids him begone, and he answers that there is only one person who can tell him to go, and that is the mistress of the house. The governess crosses the stage, and says to the countess, "Madame, voici Monsieur qui m'accuse d'avoir eu un amant. Si vous le croyez, chassez-moi; si vous avez foi en ma parole, je suis chez vous—chassez-le!" And the countess, put to this test, bids her remain. Here is the situation. But some time afterwards, the count falls ill, and in his delirium murmurs no other name than that of the governess. More than that, he demands to see her, and the doctor has said, especially, that no strong wish of his must be denied. The wife will allow the governess to sit by his pillow; but her uncle positively and at all cost forbids it, and the sympathy of the audience is undoubtedly with his act. The governess rejoins the countess in the salon; the two are alone, and before the eyes of the governess the countess attempts suicide, telling Mlle. Duparc that she may be Countess de Meursolles. Mlle. Duparc prevents the suicide, and a sister from a convent conveniently coming in, she asks to be allowed to follow her. She herself will be a recluse, and the peace of the household shall be broken no longer. So the piece ends; but what does the end really settle, in the difficult relations of husband and wife? The suicide of Blanche de Chelles in the *Sphinx* was consistent with the reckless character of such a creature of impulse; and moreover, it may have made upon Mlle. de Savigny's husband a lasting and wholesome impression of remorse and amendment. But what impression, one wants to know, can be made on Mlle. de Meursolles' similarly placed husband by the withdrawal of this governess into a convent? Nothing is really settled. And in all likelihood, if we looked into their lives beyond the play, there would be another governess, sooner or later, and another convent, too.

MDME. FARGUEIL has appeared at the Ambigu, in *Rose Michel*, by M. Ernest Blum. Rose Michel is the wife of a villainous innkeeper, who murders a guest for money—Rose Michel seeing the deed. In time, an innocent young man is accused of the murder, and it is plainly enough the duty of Rose Michel to denounce her husband, rather than that the innocent shall die. Nor has her husband inspired her with any feeling that would prevent her denouncing him, but her child is betrothed to an honest man, keenly sensitive on points of family honour, and his abandonment of the marriage with Rose Michel's child would be the sure result of the public knowledge of the crime of Rose Michel's husband. There is a long scene in which the mother tries to see if the daughter could endure to be parted from her betrothed. But her love is too much engaged, and she can only reiterate that she should die if she lost him. All this conflict of the mother's between duty and affection—nay, sometimes between two clashing duties—makes the strength and point of the

piece. The piece, writes M. Sarcey, suffers from being written too exclusively for the actress, and Mme Fargueil suffers by the strain put upon her, and the repetition of emotions, the expression of which even her art cannot vary. But nevertheless it is agreed that the piece is a striking one, and that the power of Mme. Fargueil over her audience was never more plainly manifested. Her exhibition of art is admitted to be great, subtle, and genuine.

THE last *matinée littéraire* of M. Ballandé was an occasion of unusual interest, M. Legouvé having delivered an admirable lecture on the great actor Samson, who was long one of the glories of the Théâtre Français. "M. Samson," said M. Legouvé, "peu cette fortune bien rare de réunir en lui seul plusieurs réputations. *La Belle-Mère* et *le Gendre* et *La Famille Poisson* montrent un poète comique plein de finesse, un spirituel disciple de Collin d'Harleville et d'Andrieux. Le poème de *l'Art théâtral* semble parfois comme un dernier chant de l'art poétique. Enfin, M. Samson a laissé à la Comédie-Française une trace qui n'est pas effacée. Héritier légitime des Dugazon et des Dazincourt, il a grandement ajouté à leur héritage; il a su, avec un art merveilleux, rester valet et devenir maître, porter la livrée et l'habit brodé, passer de Scapin ou de Mascarille au comte de Rantzau, au marquis de la Seiglière, au marquis des *Effrontés*, et ces personnages nouveaux il les a si fortement marqués de son empreinte, qu'aujourd'hui encore ils gardent quelque chose de lui; quand d'autres artistes les représentent, on y entend toujours M. Samson. M. Samson comptait plusieurs jeunes filles du monde parmi ses élèves, et nul art en effet ne convient mieux aux femmes. Elles y sont même plus propres que nous. On ne voit guère de grands tragédiens de vingt ans, de grands chanteurs de vingt ans; or, la Malibran était déjà la Malibran à dix-huit ans; Mlle. Rachel a débuté à dix-neuf; Mme. Plessy a fait sensation à quinze, et Léontine Fay a fait fureur à huit. Les railleurs diront sans doute que cela ne prouve qu'une chose, c'est que les femmes sont plus naturellement comédiennes que nous. . . . Non, messieurs." Having spoken of several points characteristic of Samson, M. Legouvé continued:—"The study of diction and reading has a third advantage, for to learn to read is to learn to judge. There is nothing like reading a work aloud if you would penetrate into all its beauties, or even all its faults. M. Sainte-Beuve, coming away on one occasion from a reading-lesson of M. Samson's, uttered this pregnant phrase: 'Je viens d'apprendre qu'un grand lecteur est un grand critique.'" Many of our readers would gladly hear in London one of these lectures on literary and dramatic art which M. Legouvé knows so well how to prepare and deliver. M. Legouvé makes a short lecturing tour every spring in the north, from Paris; giving these conferences of his at Brussels and Lille; and it would be exceedingly interesting and valuable to many of us if he could be persuaded to prolong his journey and let us share the literary and artistic treat which he can give.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—HERR WILHELMJ.

LAST Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace was in more than one respect of special interest. Chief in importance, undoubtedly, was the first appearance at these concerts since 1866 of the virtuoso Herr August Wilhelmj. This great violinist had played on the Thursday evening previous at the Royal Albert Hall. I was unfortunately prevented from attending that concert; but my regret was materially lessened by the fact that he was announced to play the same concerto on both occasions—that by Mendelssohn in E minor. There is probably no concerto in the repertoire of violinists so familiar to the majority of our audiences as that of Mendelssohn, and there is none which affords more legitimate opportunity

of display to the player, whether as regards technical dexterity or intellectual conception. There is also none which is more frequently selected by soloists, and it therefore offers peculiar facilities for comparing the styles of various players. Within the last ten or twelve years I have had the opportunity of hearing the work from Joachim, Wieniawski, Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Sainton, Mme. Norman-Néruda and Mme. Camilla Urso, and a comparison of the various "readings" would be interesting, did space permit. It is, however, better to speak of Herr Wilhelmj absolutely rather than relatively. The first and most remarkable quality of his performance, and one which on Saturday seemed to strike everybody before he had played twenty bars, is his wonderful tone. I can say without hesitation that I never remember to have heard such mingled richness, fulness, and purity of tone, whether on the highest or lowest notes of the instrument, from any violinist. Great power, especially on the violin, is often accompanied with a certain amount of coarseness—one hears more or less the scraping of the bow on the string. But Wilhelmj's tone is, to use Mozart's expression, "as smooth as oil;" at times it seemed almost to remind one of the quality of a fine oboe or clarinet rather than of a violin. With this marvellous richness is combined the most unimpeachable accuracy of intonation. The performer's mastery of the fingerboard is equal to his control of the bow; while his phrasing is broad and masterly, and free from any trace of exaggeration or sentimentalism. His reading of Mendelssohn's Concerto differed in some important respects from that adopted by most of his distinguished contemporaries; the first and last movements were taken perceptibly slower than we are accustomed to hear them. It is by no means certain that this was a disadvantage; what was lost in brilliancy was undoubtedly gained in clearness, and the minutest details of the music were presented with a distinctness such as is not often heard. It is the fashion on the Continent to compare Wilhelmj with Joachim, some critics even ranking the former the higher of the two. It is impossible to pronounce a decided opinion after only one hearing; and, moreover, while these two great artists have much in common, they have also differences which make a comparison extremely difficult. As regards quality of tone, the palm must undoubtedly be given to Wilhelmj; in absolute mastery of the technique of the instrument, there is probably nothing to choose between the two; while they also closely resemble one another in perfect freedom from exaggeration, and the absence of what Germans so expressively call "Effekthascherei"—straining after effect. But whether Wilhelmj possesses in the same degree as Joachim that power which in the playing of the latter constitutes the greatest charm—the power of throwing himself so completely into the spirit of whatever he plays that one thinks not of the performer but solely of the music—is a question which can only be answered after repeated hearings. It is enough now to say that Herr Wilhelmj's first appearance was a brilliant and fully deserved success. In his two short solos later in the concert—arrangements by himself of an air by Bach and a nocturne by Chopin, he fully confirmed the impression he had already produced.

In addition to the appearance of Herr Wilhelmj, the concert of Saturday was interesting from containing in its programme a symphony by one of the first living English musicians. This was Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's symphony in G minor, which had only once previously, (on March 5, 1870) been given at the Crystal Palace. This work, the only published symphony of its author, was written for the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, where it was produced during the season of 1864. It at that time (like Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale") consisted of three movements only, but was subsequently completed by the addition of the charm-

ing Romanza which now precedes the final Rondo. Like all Bennett's compositions, it is characterised rather by melodious grace and exquisite finish than by grandeur or breadth of style. The first movement is throughout extremely pleasing; but the second and third are the gems of the work. The former is one of those quaint old minuets, in slow time, which are by modern composers almost always discarded in favour of the more brilliant scherzo. The delicate grace of the daintily-tripping principal theme reminds one of the old ballet-airs of the last century; and the trio, written for the brass instruments alone, is the more effective as these instruments, with the exception of two horns, have been entirely suppressed during the earlier part of the movement. The third movement, the Romanza already mentioned, is a very graceful "song without words" given to all the violas. It is but seldom that this valuable department of the orchestra has any opportunity for special display. Most composers use the viola merely to complete the harmony. Among the great masters Mendelssohn is almost the only one who seems to have appreciated the capabilities of the instrument. To quote but one example of many which will occur to those acquainted with his scores—the beautifully subdued and yet rich tone-colour of the accompaniment to the song "Lord God of Abraham," in *Eljah*, arises from the fact that the melody is almost entirely given to the violas, instead of (as usual) to the violins. In the present Romanza the effect of their employment is no less charming; and a word of special praise ought, in passing, to be given to the gentlemen who played those instruments on Saturday for the really admirable way in which they did justice to the music. The finale of the symphony is the least important portion, and, though full of pleasing matter, calls for no special comment. The performance of the entire work was worthy alike of the music, the band and the conductor.

The concert commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées*, with respect to which it is necessary to make a protest which I have never before had to make regarding any performance at the Crystal Palace. Who on earth was responsible for those additional brass parts which were played on Saturday? Cherubini's score contains only three horns and a bass trombone. Beside these there were introduced two trumpets and alto and tenor trombone, the result being that in the *forte* passages the brass overpowered everything else, and the effect was simply distressing. Mr. Manns is such a conscientious conductor that it is impossible to conceive that he was responsible for the alteration; still it was an incomprehensible one. The concluding piece was Beethoven's great *Leonore* (No. 3) overture.

The vocalists were Mdle. Johanna Levier and Mr. Sims Reeves. The lady sang the air "Ach, ich fühl's," from the *Zauberflöte*, and two songs by Mendelssohn ("Frühlingslied," Op. 71, No. 2) and Schumann ("Der Nussbaum"), fully confirming the favourable impression produced by her on her previous appearance at the Albert Hall; while Mr. Sims Reeves gave the beautiful song "Refrain thy voice from weeping," from Sullivan's *Light of the World*, and Schubert's "Ave Maria," the latter a strange choice for a tenor!

This afternoon Beethoven's Mass in C will form the principal attraction, and Brahms's variations on a Theme by Haydn will also be repeated.

EBENEZER PROUT.

At the last Monday Popular Concert Mdle. Krebs was again the pianist. She selected as her solo Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, and also played, with Mdme. Norman-Néruda, Mozart's beautiful, though somewhat old-fashioned Sonata in G for piano and violin, and, with the same lady and Signor Piatti, Chopin's piano trio in G minor—this last named work being produced on this occasion for the first time at these concerts. Like most of Chopin's larger works, this trio is inferior

to his nocturnes, mazurkas, and other pieces cast in smaller moulds. The very difficult and brilliant piano part was played to perfection by Mdle. Krebs, who seems equally at home in all styles. The quartett which opened the concert was Haydn's in G, Op. 54, No. 2, which was given with great effect by Mdme. Norman-Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, the minuet being encored. Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist.

THE Royal Albert Hall concerts were resumed on Thursday week with a grand orchestral performance. The special feature of the evening was the first appearance for several years of Herr Wilhelmj. Of this gentleman we have spoken above; and, as our reporter was unable to attend this concert, we must content ourselves with mentioning that the chief orchestral works produced were the "Pastoral" symphony, the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *St. John the Baptist*, and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch." On Tuesday evening *Israel in Egypt* was given. The next of these concerts is to take place this evening (Saturday) and will be a Popular Ballad night. Mdle. Levier, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves (who is to sing Blumenthal's "Message," and a serenade by Berthold Tours) and Mr. Whitney are the vocalists; and Herr Wilhelmj, who created so great an impression on his reappearance last Thursday week, is to play a Concertstück by Dr. Hiller, for the first time, and a Chaconne (for violin alone) by Bach. Part-songs and madrigals by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, complete a very interesting programme. The next orchestral concert will take place on Tuesday, February 2, when several important orchestral pieces (notably Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony) will be performed. Herr Wilhelmj is to play a concerto by F. Hégar, for the first time, and his own arrangements of Wagner's "Albumblatt," and Chopin's "Notturmo." Mdle. Johanna Levier and Mr. Sims Reeves are to be the vocalists. The concert will be conducted, as usual, by Mr. Barnby. It is to be hoped that on this new system this excellent enterprise will receive the support which it well deserves.

MONDAY last being the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, a special musical service was given in the afternoon, in accordance with the precedent of the last few years in St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir was largely increased, and a full orchestra engaged. The anthem consisted of a large selection from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, commencing with the scene of the conversion, and comprising in all the latter half of the first part, and a considerable portion of the second part of the oratorio. Thanks to the joint efforts of the organist, Dr. Stainer, and the authorities of the Cathedral, the orchestra seems now to have become an established institution on festival occasions in St. Paul's.

A CORRESPONDENT from Glasgow informs us, *à propos* of the orchestral concerts at present in progress in that city, that last Monday there was to be a grand "Wagner" night, for which Dr. Bülow was engaged as solo pianist and conductor. The programme included Schumann's First Symphony, Beethoven's E flat Concerto, Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia, the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Tannhäuser*, and Wagner's "Huldigungsmarsch" and "Kaisermarsch." The same programme, with the same band and conductor, is to be subsequently repeated at a concert of the Edinburgh Choral Union.

THE recent success of Handel's music in Paris is directing the attention of musicians in that city to the history of the art in this country, in which all his greatest works were produced. The last number of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* contains the first of a series of articles by M. Octave Fouque, entitled "Les Précurseurs de Händel; Coup d'œil sur l'histoire générale de la musique en Angleterre du XVI^e au XVIII^e siècle."

THE committee for the erection of a monument to Auber in Paris have bought a site for that purpose in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, at the cost of 6,800 francs. The municipality was unable to present them with the ground, as they have no power to make such a concession except in honour of those who have rendered special services to the city of Paris.

THE *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* states that both Gade and Brahms have promised large works for the next Birmingham Festival, which takes place in 1876.

According to the Bayreuth *Tagblatt*, the preparations for the representation of Richard Wagner's national piece, *The Ring of the Nibelungen*, are so far completed that the times of the rehearsals and the date of the festival itself have been fixed. It is announced that the first rehearsals for the vocal parts will be held with pianoforte accompaniments weekly in the course of next July, when the four main divisions of the works, viz., *Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* will be taken separately and in succession. The same parts will be again rehearsed early in August, while it is expected that the more difficult scenic representations will be sufficiently developed to admit of their being tested by the end of the month. The final and complete rehearsals will not take place till June and July, 1876; and in accordance with the present programme the first definite public representations will be held in the first week of August, 1876, in the following order: Sunday, at 4 P.M., the *Rheingold* will be given; Monday, *Die Walküre*; Tuesday, *Siegfried*; and Wednesday, *Götterdämmerung*. Each act is to be followed by a long interval, for the rest and refreshment of the audience and performers, the latter having pleasant gardens and covered-in summer-houses specially provided for them. The whole course of the representation is to be repeated in the later weeks of August, beyond which the committee have not yet made known their plans.

THE *Kölnische Zeitung* announces that on March 17 next, the first part of Wagner's *Walküre* will be given at Cologne, under the direction of the Wagner Verein, who are at present busily engaged in completing the necessary preliminary arrangements.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LORD RUSSELL'S RECOLLECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS, by LORD HOUGHTON	105
PLACARDS OF THE FRENCH WAR AND THE COMMUNE, by E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY	106
KELLEN'S AMAZON AND MADEIRA RIVERS, by H. W. BATES	103
BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by J. M. LUDLOW	109
BLADÉ'S POPULAR TALES OF THE AGENAIS, by W. R. S. RALSTON	110
BAILEY'S LIFE OF FULLER, by the Rev. A. B. GROSBART	111
NEW NOVELS, by ANDREW LANG	112
NOTES AND NEWS	113
NOTES OF TRAVEL	114
THE LATE CANON KINGSLEY, by G. A. SIMCOX	115
EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT AT BATH, by J. J. CARTWRIGHT	115
SELECTED BOOKS	117
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Our Oldest MS., and Who Mutilated It, by the Rev. E. S. Foulkes; <i>The Hermit of Red Coats Green</i> , by Frank Finlay	117-118
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK	118
RIBOT'S HEREDITARY, by FRANCIS GALTON	118
SCIENCE NOTES	119
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES	120
SIXTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS, by Professor SIDNEY COLVIN	122
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET	123
ART SALES	123
NOTES AND NEWS	124
"LA MAÎTRESSE LÉGITIME" AT THE ODÉON, by W. HERRIES POLLOCK	125
STAGE NOTES	126
CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS—HERR WILHELMJ, by EBENEZER PROUT	127
MUSIC NOTES, AND TABLE OF CONTENTS	128